THE SHADOW MASTERS

by

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"THE SHADOW MASTERS"

FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT - DREAM #1

FILTERED BLUE: SHAFTS OF MOONLIGHT ARE SPLINTERED THROUGH THE TREETOP CANOPY. A GENTLE BREEZE STARTS, SWAYING THE LEAVES. WHITE BLOSSOM BEGINS DRIFTING THROUGH THE AIR.

THE SOUND OF DISTANT THUNDERING HOOVES.

A white horse is charging through the trees at great speed. SNORTING heavily, thrusting muscles, hooves. Its mane swings frantically as it weaves wildly between the trees.

The horse passes through the thinning tree line and enters a clearing, slowing its pace. THERE IS A FULL MOON ABOVE, AND MOONLIGHT REFLECTING ON A STREAM. The horse becomes calm in the tranquil setting.

The horse moves carefully towards the stream and drinks. REFLECTED IN THE WATER AS THE RIPPLES SETTLE, the horse is slowly revealed to be a unicorn by its spiral horn.

INT. JOHN’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAWN

SHAFTS OF SUNLIGHT FILL THE ROOM. SHADOWS ARE CREEPING STEADILY DOWN THE WALL. THROUGH THE WINDOW, THE SUN IS RISING OUTSIDE.

A human figure lies under a CRUMPLED OVERCOAT on the couch. A right hand emerges from beneath the overcoat and hangs loosely over the edge of the couch, palm up, momentarily as a SUNSPOT HITS IT. The hand pulls the overcoat down to reveal JOHN REDWOOD. He is fully clothed and somewhat dishevelled. He sits up wearily, and then stretches.

A B+W PHOTOGRAPH OF A WHITE BLOSSOM TREE on the wall in the background. John passes the photograph and goes into an open kitchen area. He switches a COFFEE PERCOLATOR on.

John collects a PILE OF MAIL from the doormat and returns to the couch. Leafing swiftly through the first few letter envelopes, his attention focuses on a junk mail HOLIDAY BROCHURE with the title “HORIZON” on the cover. The phone RINGS. John switches it to speaker mode. He continues to leaf through the letters.

CHAMBERS (V.O.)
Morning, John.

JOHN
Good morning, sir.

CHAMBERS (V.O.)
Listen carefully, I’ve got a new assignment for you. I want you to go to Fort Lambert. It’s a high security defence facility out in the country. You’ll need to ask for a General Cutler. He’ll fill you in with the details.

JOHN
A military base? What’s the brief?

CHAMBERS (V.O.)
Further details are classified. You’ll be given all the information you need when you meet the General.

JOHN
Well, I was actually planning on going away somewhere for the weekend. Just a short break. I figured it was about time, you know?

CHAMBERS (V.O.)
Well, your vacation will just have to wait. This is important.

John puts the letters down.

JOHN
With all due respect, sir, the department doesn’t own me and I’m long overdue for time off. What about Jefferson, he’s always hungry for overtime?

CHAMBERS (V.O.)
Damn it, Redwood. Why have you always got to complicate matters? This assignment can’t be delayed and I need my top man. Besides, Jefferson’s out in the field. I’m relying on you, John.

THE COFFEE PERCOLATOR STARTS BUBBLING (O.S.).

EXT. JOHN’S HOUSE - MORNING

John drives away from his house.

John’s car passes a VIEW OF A BEACHFRONT AND THE OCEAN.

EXT. FORT LAMBERT - MAIN GATE - DAY

A VAST COMPLEX SURROUNDED BY MULTIPLE BARBED-WIRE FENCING. John pulls his car up to the gates. GUARD #1 is at the gates. OFFICER CHEN is standing behind him. Another guard is seated inside a small booth.

Guard #1 approaches John's car.

GUARD #1
Can I see some form of identification, sir?

John takes out his WALLET and produces his ID CARD.

JOHN
I'm here to see a General Cutler.

Guard #1 lightly touches the corner of the ID card and looks at it briefly.

GUARD #1
Just one moment, sir.

Guard #1 goes into the small booth and makes a short telephone call (INAUDIBLE).

John surveys the barbed-wire along the top of the fencing. His attention finally falls on Officer Chen who is standing motionless, staring at him expressionlessly.

Guard #1 returns to John.

GUARD #1
If you'd like to step out of the vehicle, sir, an officer will escort you the rest of the way.

John switches the engine off, takes his KEYS from the ignition and gets out of his car.

JOHN
I'll need my bag. It's locked in the boot.

GUARD #1
Your bag will be taken to your quarters, sir. If you just hand me your keys then follow this officer, she'll take you to see the General.

John hands his keys to Guard #1. The FORTIFIED GATES OPEN.

EXT. FORT LAMBERT - INNER GROUNDS - MOMENTS LATER

A MAZE OF OLD BUILDINGS. THE CRUMBLING STONEWORK PROJECTS AN AIR OF DECAY AND MENACE. John walks with Officer Chen between the buildings. SECURITY CAMERAS ARE SET ON EACH JUNCTION, FOLLOWING THEIR MOVEMENTS.

INT. FORT LAMBERT - MAIN CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Officer Chen and John ENTER the building and make their way down a long corridor. They reach a door at the end with a PLAQUE which reads “GENERAL CUTLER”.

OFFICER CHEN
Wait here.

Officer Chen knocks the door.

GENERAL CUTLER (O.S. - BEHIND DOOR)
Enter.

Officer Chen opens the door and enters the office.

INT. GENERAL CUTLER’S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Officer Chen closes the door behind her. She walks into the room, performs a fixed salute and waits.

GENERAL CUTLER is sitting behind his desk looking at a computer monitor. His fingers hover tentatively over the keyboard. LIEUTENANT DAWKINS is standing next to him, leaning over.

GENERAL CUTLER
Send... send.

General Cutler presses a key. There is a simultaneous BEEP sound. He looks disappointed.

LT. DAWKINS
Don’t worry, General. I’m sure you’ll pick it up soon enough.

General Cutler switches the computer monitor off and looks over at Officer Chen.

GENERAL CUTLER
Yes?

OFFICER CHEN
(drops salute)
Mister Redwood is here to see you, General.

GENERAL CUTLER
Ah, good. Send him in.

Officer Chen opens the door and gestures for John to enter. John ENTERS the office.

GENERAL CUTLER
Now, if you'll excuse us, Lieutenant?

LT. DAWKINS
Of course, General.
(to John)
Welcome to Fort Lambert, Mister Redwood.

John replies with a courteous nod before Lieutenant Dawkins EXITS the office. Officer Chen salutes General Cutler and also EXITS, closing the door behind her.

GENERAL CUTLER
Please take a seat, Mister Redwood.

John sits down. NOTE: THE CHAIR IS SITUATED A CONSIDERABLE DISTANCE AWAY FROM GENERAL CUTLER'S DESK. General Cutler shuffles PAPERWORK around for an unnatural amount of time.

GENERAL CUTLER
Now, as you are probably aware, you've been called in to investigate some strange occurrences that have been taking place here on the base. I'm talking about unusual behaviour amongst a number of staff. You understand the position that puts me in. I run a very tight ship here, Mister Redwood, and I can't afford to have too much irregularity.

General Cutler shifts uncomfortably in his chair.

GENERAL CUTLER
There've just been far too many unexplained incidents lately. Things, quite frankly, I find difficult to comprehend. So, I decided it was time I brought in a specialist. Somebody who I've been assured can work in the strictest confidence. I understand you're... something of an expert in the unexplainable.

JOHN
I have many years of experience investigating unknown phenomena, General. Events that involve all manner of things which sometimes appear illogical on the surface. Can you describe for me exactly what's been happening?

GENERAL CUTLER
Perfectly rational people become paranoid. It happens all of a sudden and for no apparent reason. There's even been the odd talk of ghost sightings (mild chuckle). Utter nonsense if you ask me. But <u>something's</u> happening, and I want a full report from you, Redwood.

JOHN
I'll provide you with all the expertise and support I can, General. You have my word on that. Ghost sightings? Are you talking about hallucinations?

GENERAL CUTLER
Hallucinations, yes... maybe. Who knows? During the last war, many good soldiers gave their lives defending this base. The history of this building is bound to feed the imagination.

JOHN
Fort Lambert was invaded during the war?

GENERAL CUTLER
That's what I said.

JOHN
A wartime invasion, on British soil. That's not something I've read about in the history books.

GENERAL CUTLER
No, you wouldn't have. The base didn't officially exist in nineteen forty-eight.

JOHN
The Cold War.

General Cutler nods in confirmation.

GENERAL CUTLER
It was a Soviet squad. An elite combat unit. They parachuted in by night and took the base completely by surprise. From what I hear, all hell broke loose.

JOHN
I guess it’s true what they say, history is bunk.

GENERAL CUTLER
Yes, by and large. And besides the secrecy of this base, you can imagine the diplomatic complications if the incident hadn’t have been kept buried, not to mention our reputation.

JOHN
Then, aren’t you taking a bit of a risk telling me this?

GENERAL CUTLER
No. Who’s going to believe you? Truth gets lost amongst all the rumours. Anyway, it was a long time ago, and I didn’t bring you here to look for dead soldiers.

JOHN
Of course not. These recent attacks of paranoia -- have you considered the possibility of recreational drug use amongst your staff? Certainly sounds like a more plausible explanation.

GENERAL CUTLER
Those were my initial thoughts. We had them tested and the results came back negative. No, I sense this is something far more troubling. Hmm.

General Cutler fiddles awkwardly with his PEN. (NOTE: THE PEN IS A SECURITY BLANKET FOR GENERAL CUTLER, WHO FEELS AT ODDS WITH MODERN TECHNOLOGY).

GENERAL CUTLER
It’s becoming a regular occurrence. I had two men go down on me last week. They’re still in recovery. I’d like you to take a look at them.

INT. MEDICAL CENTRE - CORRIDOR - DAY

OLD VICTORIAN BUILDING WITH MODERN STRIP LIGHTS FITTED INTO THE ROOF, DIMLY LIT. John and Officer Chen are walking. NOTE: JOHN IS WEARING A VISITOR PASS (HE CONTINUES TO WEAR IT WITHIN THE BASE UNTIL SPECIFIED).

JOHN
I wouldn't like to be here when the lights go off.

OFFICER CHEN
This place gives most people the creeps as it is.

JOHN
Yes, old Victorian by the looks of it.

OFFICER CHEN
I don't mean the building. Once troops are sent here, they're usually never seen again.

They stop at a REINFORCED DOOR. A SMALL SECURITY CAMERA IS POSITIONED ABOVE THE DOOR. Officer Chen punches a NUMBERED CODE INTO AN ELECTRONIC WALL PANEL, LIT RED. Each punch is accompanied by an ELECTRONIC BLEEP.

JOHN
I suppose morale is pretty low at the moment. It must be worrying with so many falling ill.

OFFICER CHEN
(after exaggerated pause, looks directly at John)
I fear nothing.

The electronic wall panel makes ONE HIGH BLEEP SOUND and SWITCHES TO GREEN. THE HEAVY, REINFORCED DOOR AUTO-SLIDES OPEN. Officer Chen immediately steps through the doorway.

INT. MEDICAL CENTRE - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Officer Chen and John walk towards DR ANDERSON, who is holding a PLAIN-COVERED UNMARKED CASE FILE. Dr Anderson is talking with THREE STAFF MEMBERS IN WHITE COATS, holding CLIPBOARDS. Officer Chen and John stop at a distance.

OFFICER CHEN
Doctor Anderson.

Dr Anderson looks round to Officer Chen, then (SAYS SOMETHING INDISTINCT) to the staff members. The staff members nod then walk away -- one WRITING A NOTE -- and EXIT. Dr Anderson approaches Officer Chen.

DR ANDERSON
Good morning, Officer Chen. What can I do for you?

OFFICER CHEN
This is Mister Redwood. General Cutler said you were expecting him.

DR ANDERSON
Oh, of course, Mister Redwood. Ah...
(extends hand to John)
Welcome to my department.

They shake hands.

JOHN
Thank you. I hope it’s not an inconvenient time.

DR ANDERSON
No, not at all. I only wish the circumstances were more pleasant.
(to Officer Chen)
Thank you. That will be all.

OFFICER CHEN
Sir.
(to John)
If there’s anything you require, Mister Redwood, just ask for me.

JOHN
Thank you.

Officer Chen EXITS.

Dr Anderson hands the case file to John.

DR ANDERSON
This is Private Smith, our newest arrival. He was brought in two days ago following a recent episode. Now, he’s still quite fragile, I’m afraid, so I suggest you go easy on him.

John opens the case file and looks at the PAPERWORK.

JOHN
Could you provide me with case files on all the previous casualties as well?

DR ANDERSON
Certainly. I'll get one of my assistants to sort that out for you.

JOHN
Thank you. I'd appreciate that. I shall need to look for any similarities... connections between the individual cases.

DR ANDERSON
From my own findings, there appears to be little, if any direct connection between the patients... apart from their symptoms. That's puzzling.

JOHN
That does sound strange. But there has to be something, right?

DR ANDERSON
Undoubtedly.

JOHN
What were Smith's duties, here in the base?
(indicating paperwork)
It's says here that he's a Radar Operator. What exactly would that involve, on a daily basis?

DR ANDERSON
Monitoring air traffic signals and that sort of thing.

JOHN
Oh, I see. Interesting.

DR ANDERSON
Interesting? Does that have any bearing on his condition?

JOHN
I've no idea. I'm just trying to get a clear picture in my mind at the moment. That's all.

John continues to look at the paperwork.

One of the staff members seen earlier ENTERS and approaches Dr Anderson. The staff member (WHISPERS) something in Dr Anderson's ear. John discreetly GLANCES at them briefly.

DR ANDERSON
Oh! Okay, well... inform the Lieutenant we shall be there in a moment. Thank you.

The staff member walks away and EXITS.

DR ANDERSON
Well, if you're ready, Mister Redwood, we have Private Smith waiting for you.

JOHN
(closes file)
I'm sorry. I <u>am</u> taking up your time, aren't I? Lead the way.

INT. MEDICAL CENTRE - INFIRMARY CONSULTATION ROOM - DAY

A soldier in his late teens, PRIVATE SMITH, is sitting behind a table and looking nervous. On the table is a SMALL PLASTIC COFFEE CUP, ALMOST EMPTY. Lieutenant Dawkins is standing authoritatively in the background, opposite far side of the room and facing Private Smith.

John and Dr Anderson ENTER the room. John recognises Lieutenant Dawkins and nods, and then takes a seat opposite Private Smith. Dr Anderson and Lieutenant Dawkins exchange casual salutes. Dr Anderson sits on a chair against the wall, at a right angle to John and slightly behind. His posture suggests that of somebody carefully observing.

JOHN
Good morning, Private Smith. My name is John and I'm just here to ask you a few routine questions. Nothing for you to worry about. How are you feeling this morning?

Private Smith just stares nervously.

JOHN
Well, you don't look too good, I have to say. Okay, why don't you start by telling me about these unusual experiences you've had. What's been happening?

Private Smith seems reluctant to speak. John leans over towards Dr Anderson.

JOHN
(discreetly)
Perhaps I could speak with Private Smith alone, if that's possible?

DR ANDERSON
(leaning forward)
I'm afraid that's out of the question. Lieutenant Dawkins is here to supervise the proceedings, and I can't leave my patient while an official interview is being conducted.
(to Pte. Smith)
It's alright, Smith. Everything you say in here is confidential. Just tell Mister Redwood what you've already told me.

PTE. SMITH
I'm not really sure how to explain it.

JOHN
Well, that's okay. Just take your time and tell me what's been happening, in as much detail as possible.

Private Smith takes out a CIGARETTE and a DISTINCTIVE MATCHBOOK. He gestures to Dr Anderson, seeking approval. Dr Anderson looks slyly and awkwardly towards Lieutenant Dawkins for a moment, then nods his approval.

Private Smith breaks off a match and lights the cigarette. His hand trembles as the flame touches the paper. He uses his other hand, holding the matchbook, to steady it. He places the matchbook down next to the plastic coffee cup.

ANGLE ON MATCHBOOK AND PLASTIC COFFEE CUP. PRIVATE SMITH DROPS THE MATCH INTO THE CUP, IT <u>FIZZES</u> AND SMOKE RISES UP. (NOTE: THE PURPOSE HERE IS TO CATCH A SUBTLE GLIMPSE OF THE DISTINCTIVE MATCHBOOK).

Private Smith takes a few long drags from his cigarette, composes himself and begins to relax.

PTE. SMITH
I thought it was just bad dreams at first. Huh, nightmares at my age. Then I started to have panic attacks.

JOHN
When did all this start?

PTE. SMITH
About four, five weeks ago, I guess.

JOHN
And it’s been happening ever since?

PTE. SMITH
Yes. And it’s more frequent now. And it’s getting stronger.

JOHN
Have you ever had problems with stress or anxiety in the past?

PTE. SMITH
No. Not until I was posted here.

JOHN
And when you have one of these... panic attacks, is it at any particular time of the day? I want you to think very clearly about that.

PTE. SMITH
Mostly during the nightshift.

JOHN
Can you be more specific? An exact timeframe?

PTE. SMITH
Er, no, not really. Just the nightshift.

JOHN
So, I presume that’s when most of the staff are off-duty, or asleep. Would that be right?

PTE. SMITH
Yes sir, that’s correct. Although, there’s always a sufficient number of staff on duty.

JOHN
Of course. Where are you when it usually happens?

PTE. SMITH
Erm... I don’t know. Normally, I’m asleep in my room. Or I could be working, in the Operations Room. Or sometimes, I’m just walking the corridors after my shift and I’ll feel it coming on.

JOHN
So, no specific place.

PTE. SMITH
No.

JOHN
Hmm. Can you tell more about the nature of these attacks?

Private Smith remains silent.

JOHN
Mister Smith?

PTE. SMITH
(after glancing at Dr Anderson)
I hear... voices.

JOHN
Voices... you mean voices, like I’m speaking to you?

PTE. SMITH
Not exactly the same. But yeah, voices.

JOHN
What are these voices saying?

PTE. SMITH
I don’t know. It’s like a foreign language. One I’ve never heard before. Sometimes they just whisper. That’s not so bad, I can take that. It’s when they start screaming... dreadful screaming.

Private Smith takes another long drag from his cigarette.

PTE. SMITH
There’s some tormented souls trapped in this building. They roam the corridors at night. They come out of the walls!

JOHN
Do you actually see them?

PTE. SMITH
No. But I see their shadows.

Private Smith GLANCES momentarily over John's shoulder, INDICATING LIEUTENANT DAWKINS, then leans forward.

PTE. SMITH
(hushed tone)
It's the military, isn't it? They're doing secret nerve gas experiments on us. I know they are. They're pumping stuff through the ventilation shafts at night.

Private Smith buries his head in both hands.

PTE. SMITH
Aw God, I never signed up for this!

LATER

Sitting opposite John now is SERGEANT WALKER, a hardened man in his late thirties. He appears more self-controlled than Private Smith.

SGT. WALKER
Overworked, underpaid, you know how it is. They work us like dogs in this place. Thirty hour shifts on a regular basis. Part of the new regime they've brought in.

JOHN
That's a demanding schedule for anybody over a period of time. Have you suffered from any kind of hallucinations during these long hours?

SGT. WALKER
Hallucinations? No.

Sergeant Walker picks up his cup of COFFEE and attempts to lift it to his lips. His hand shakes badly and coffee spills down his front. He places the cup back down.

SGT. WALKER
I'm sorry. You'll have to excuse me, my nerves are shot.

JOHN
That’s alright. Here...

John takes a WHITE HANDKERCHIEF from his pocket.

JOHN (CONT’D)
Use this. It’s clean.

Sergeant Walker takes it and wipes his top and hand.

SGT. WALKER
Thanks. A month ago, I was in charge of a whole regiment. Look at me now. I can’t even hold my cup steady when I drink.

JOHN
What about exposure to foreign substances, nerve gas agents?

SGT. WALKER
No, we don’t have access to that type of weaponry here. Most of our missiles are explosives, and the nukes are shipped in with the warheads already sealed.

JOHN
No poisons, or anything like that?

SGT. WALKER
No. Nothing.

JOHN
You absolutely sure? Nothing at all?

SGT. WALKER
Nothing that I can think of. We had several troops arriving back from the jungle recently. It’s probably some natural disease that one of them brought in. Yeah, I think we’re all going down with something nasty.

JOHN
Well, I promise you, Sergeant Walker, we’re doing everything we possibly can to try and resolve this. In the meantime, I’m going to leave you in the capable hands of Doctor Anderson. Thank you very much for talking to me.

John rises from his chair to leave.

SGT. WALKER
Is that it?

JOHN
Yes, I think I’m all done here, unless you have anything more to add.

SGT. WALKER
I guess we’re all done.

ANGLE ON JOHN

John moves to the door and is just about to leave the room.

SGT. WALKER (O.S.)
I hear them whisper in my dreams.

John turns around. Sergeant Walker is staring wide-eyed into space.

JOHN
Who?

SGT. WALKER
The Shadow Men.

EXT. FORT LAMBERT - MILITARY AIRFIELD - DAY

DRIZZLING RAIN. Lieutenant Dawkins and John are walking together. John is carrying a STACK OF PATIENT CASE FILES. John notices DARK CLOUDS FORMING IN THE DISTANCE.

JOHN
Looks like there’s a storm heading this way, sir.

LT. DAWKINS
Yep.

JOHN
Well, I’ve heard some strange things in my time, Lieutenant, but that was pretty bizarre.

Lieutenant Dawkins remains silent.

JOHN
What’s your specialty, Lieutenant? I mean your usual line of work?

LT. DAWKINS
If you must know, I was trained in weapons research and development. Mainly electronics.

JOHN
Weapons research and development? Sounds like an interesting area to work in.

LT. DAWKINS
Are you interviewing me now, Mister Redwood?

JOHN
Did I give that impression?

LT. DAWKINS
Yes, as a matter of fact, you did.

JOHN
Forgive me, Lieutenant. I was just taking an interest.

Lieutenant Dawkins gives John a sceptical cold stare from beneath the peak of his military cap, and then looks ahead.

LT. DAWKINS
You're, er... Department Six, aren't you?

JOHN
You're aware of Department Six? That surprises me.

LT. DAWKINS
It's my business to know who enters the base. Security is paramount. There's no reason to be alarmed. The secret is safe with me.

Lieutenant Dawkins gestures with his BATON towards the aircraft hangers.

LT. DAWKINS
Not expecting to find UFOs here are you? (Chuckle).

JOHN
I'm glad you're amused, Lieutenant.

LT. DAWKINS
Oh, don’t mind me, Mister Redwood. There’s nothing wrong in chasing aliens...

They stop outside a building entrance.

LT. DAWKINS (CONT’D)
It’s when the aliens start chasing you -- that’s when you have to start worrying. (Chuckle).

JOHN
Well, I’ll certainly bear that in mind, sir.

LT. DAWKINS
Just let me know if you come across any little green men.

INT. JOHN’S PRIVATE QUARTERS - DAY

The PATIENT CASE FILES are stacked on a small desk. Positioned on the bunk are an open SHOULDER BAG, DEODRANT and TOOTHBRUSH. LIGHT STREAKS OF DRIZZLING RAIN ARE HITTING THE WINDOW. THE HOT TAP CAN BE HEARD RUNNING.

John is by the sink, drying his face with a TOWEL. THE SINK MIRROR IS COATED WITH MIST.

A SINGLE DROP OF WATER APPEARS ON THE CEILING, AT THE TOP OF THE MIRROR LIGHT CHORD ABOVE THE SINK, AND THEN DRIPS DOWN THE CHORD.

John wipes his hands with the towel. He pulls the mirror light chord, but the light doesn’t come on. He tries it a few times. He gestures that his hand is wet and looks briefly at the ceiling, and then the floor beneath the chord.

John wipes a large streak through the mist on the mirror and checks his face. He suddenly becomes still and stares into the reflection of his eyes.

John’s concentration is broken by the sound of FOOTSTEPS passing in the corridor outside.

JOHN
(towards door)
Oh, excuse me?

There’s no response. John turns off the tap and walks towards the open door, wiping his hands with the towel.

JOHN
Excuse me? Sir?

INT. MILITARY QUARTERS CORRIDORS - CONTINUOUS

John steps into the WINDOWLESS, DIMLY LIT, LONG CORRIDOR and looks around. The corridor appears empty.

THE SMALL LIGHT FLICKERS AND GROWS DIMMER. John throws the towel onto his shoulder and goes over to inspect the light. As he reaches for the light, SLOW FOOTSTEPS are heard and John looks around, towards the end of the empty corridor.

From out of nowhere, John hears a ghostly whispering voice.

FX SOUND: GHOSTLY WHISPERING.

INT. GENERAL CUTLER’S OFFICE - EVENING

General Cutler pours himself and Lieutenant Dawkins WHISKY.

GENERAL CUTLER
You’ve had dealings with Department Six people before. What do you make of this fellow, Redwood? How does he strike you?

LT. DAWKINS
If I could speak frankly, General, they’re all a bit nuts over there.

GENERAL CUTLER
Well, this sort of thing is really not my field at all. I don’t know, Dawkins. It’s all very strange to an old dog like me.
(with conviction)
But this needs to be investigated. I can’t have half my staff running around with hysterics.

LT. DAWKINS
Forgive me General, but do you think it’s wise to allow an outsider to walk around inside the compound? We’re in the middle of some very sensitive projects at the moment. Perhaps we should keep this within internal affairs?

GENERAL CUTLER
I don’t like the idea of having foreign bodies on site either, I must admit.

LT. DAWKINS
I share your concerns, General. It does pose a security risk.

GENERAL CUTLER
(after a brief pause)
Redwood’s to have level-three access only, and no contact with the outside world.

LT. DAWKINS
Understood.

GENERAL CUTLER
Security isn’t my only concern though. This could end up being terribly embarrassing for the military if we’re not careful.

General Cutler takes a long sip of whisky.

GENERAL CUTLER
Hmm. Just keep your eye on him, Dawkins. Let me know if there’s any development you think I ought to be worried about.

LT. DAWKINS
General.

INT. JOHN’S PRIVATE QUARTERS - NIGHT

MILD RAIN CAN BE HEARD OUTSIDE. John is at the small desk reading through the PATIENT CASE FILES. One of the case file covers is clearly marked “SGT. D. WALKER” and “DR P. ANDERSON - HEAD OF PSYCHIATRY”. John is WRITING NOTES DIRECTLY ONTO THE PAPERWORK. He crosses something out, looking frustrated.

JOHN
The source. The common factor will reveal the source. Theoretically.

John drops the pencil and leans back.

JOHN
(after pause)
Think laterally. Why involve Department Six? Does Cutler really just want someone independent who can work in confidence, or does he suspect there's more to this than he's letting on? And why would he think that?

John shows signs of tiredness. He leans forward and scribbles down "D6 (?)". He closes all the case files.

John moves to the window. He leans on the windowsill in a relaxed manner, looking up at the sky. MILD RAIN IS FALLING ON THE WINDOW.

EXTERIOR VIEW: JOHN LOOKING THROUGH THE WINDOW, UP AT THE SKY. MILD RAIN FALLING ON THE WINDOW.

EXTERIOR VIEW: LOW ANGLE: NIGHT SKY FULL OF BRIGHT STARS, THE ORION CONSTELLATION IS VISIBLE. MILD RAIN FALLING.

PRIVATE QUARTERS

John gazes peacefully at the view for a few moments, and then goes to his bunk.

John lies back on the bunk. He (YAWNS). He reaches over to the bedside table and SWITCHES THE LAMP OFF -- BLACK SCREEN. NOTE: A MOBILE PHONE IS ON THE TABLE BY THE LAMP.

Moments later, John switches the LAMP BACK ON, looking thoughtfully towards the door. He lies back on the bunk.

JOHN
They were just footsteps. Sound probably echoes all over the place in here.

John displays a manner of contemplation, hands behind head.

JOHN
(eventually)
Private Smith. Radar Operator. Twelve months active service. Sergeants Esmonde and Larbey. Both experienced officers with several tours of duty behind them. Private Brooke. Officer Hawthorne, Communications Coordinator. No known contact with Sergeant Walker, or Private Brooke. (Frustrated sigh).

John shows signs of tiredness. After a few still moments, he gradually closes his eyes and turns onto his right side, facing inwards to the room. His upturned right hand hangs loosely in the air over the edge of the bunk.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT - DREAM #2

FILTERED BLUE: GENTLE BREEZE, WHITE BLOSSOM FLOATING THROUGH THE AIR. POV: GALLOPING THROUGH THE TREES, GRADUALLY BECOMING WILDER AND INCREASING SPEED. THE MUTED SOUND OF THUNDERING HOOVES AND SNORTING.

INT. JOHN'S PRIVATE QUARTERS - NIGHT

THE WIND IS HOWLING OUTSIDE and HEAVY RAIN BEATS FIERCELY AGAINST THE WINDOW. THE LAMP FLICKERS, THEN GOES OUT -- SEMI-DARKNESS. THE MOBILE PHONE LIGHTS UP BRIEFLY, THEN TURNS OFF.

Suddenly, eerie chanting is heard within the darkened room.

FX SOUND: CHANTING: "UM BAI OH-AH, UM GIN DAH. UM BAI OH-AH, UM GIN DAH." - CONTINUOUS.

John opens his eyes and looks across the room. He tries the lamp switch a few times, but the lamp fails to come on. He peers intensely through the darkness.

THE SHADOW GHOST OF A MAN IS RISING FROM THE BUNK OPPOSITE.

FX SOUND: ELONGATED, HOLLOW WHISPER - STRETCHING INTO GASP.

Watching in disbelief, John cautiously leans forward.

MORE SHADOW GHOSTS APPEAR FROM OUT OF THE NATURAL SHADOWS AND STRETCH ACROSS THE WALL LIKE CREEPING VINES.

FX SOUND: MULTIPLE GHOSTLY WHISPERING - CONTINUOUS.

THE SHADOW GHOSTS MERGE IN AND OUT OF ONE ANOTHER and THE WHOLE ROOM APPEARS TO SPIN AROUND JOHN.

Disoriented, John falls back onto his pillow. He shuts his eyes tightly. His fingers dig deep into the mattress.

FX SOUND: SINGLE, DEEPER, MORE UNSETTLING WHISPER.

Now paralyzed with fear, John behaves as if the weight of some unseen force has grabbed him and is pressing him down.

JOHN
My legs, I can't move them.
What's wrong with my legs?

John opens his eyes and tries to look down towards the end of the bunk. He slowly reaches his trembling hand forward towards the darkness above his legs.

From the area above John's legs, an ALIEN -- with a blue reptilian-like face, huge black eyes and no mouth -- LEANS FORWARD OUT OF THE DARKNESS. John immediately pulls his hand away and jolts back in shock. The Alien's face is looming over him.

ALIEN (V.O.)
(unsettling)
Joiiinn usss!

FX SOUND: END ALL FX.

NOTE: THE LAMP IS ON. John whips his arm away from across his eyes and sits bolt-upright. He's shaken with fear. He quickly surveys the room, which looks normal, then contemplates for a brief moment.

John picks up his mobile phone from the bedside table, but stops short of using it.

JOHN
So that's what they've all been keeping from me. No wonder they were afraid to speak out.

John contemplates for a brief moment, and then puts the mobile phone back down. He quickly throws his top clothing on and grabs his OVERCOAT.

INT. GENERAL CUTLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

STORM CAN BE HEARD OUTSIDE, MUTED BEHIND THICK CURTAINS. General Cutler is seated behind his desk, WRITING A REPORT. Lieutenant Dawkins approaches from the door, carrying a WET UMBRELLA and a DOCUMENT FOLDER.

GENERAL CUTLER
Back so soon, Lieutenant? Storm keeping you awake?

Lieutenant Dawkins passes the document folder towards him.

LT. DAWKINS
Not exactly, General. I just wanted to make sure you got these in advance of next week's meeting. Give you enough time to check through them properly.

General Cutler takes the document folder and looks at it.

GENERAL CUTLER
Oh, the new weapons proposal. Hmm. Good work, Lieutenant. But there was no need to rush. They could have waited.

LT. DAWKINS
I thought it better to get them out of the way. My time will be extremely limited over the next few days.

MUTED ARGUING is heard coming from outside the office door.

JOHN (O.S. - BEHIND DOOR)
I need to see the General.

General Cutler places the document folder into a desk tray.

GENERAL CUTLER
Well, thank you, Lieutenant. Efficiency, planning ahead -- that’s what I’ve always admired about you.

LT. DAWKINS
I like to keep on top of things.

GENERAL CUTLER
Yes. If only more of our staff showed such commitment...

LT. DAWKINS
Well, goodnight, General.

GENERAL CUTLER
Just one moment, Dawkins.
(towards door)
Guard! What the devil is going on out there?

THE MUTED ARGUING STOPS. GUARD #2 ENTERS the office and gives a quick salute.

GUARD #2
Sorry, General, but there’s a man outside who insists he--

John ENTERS the office. NOTE: JOHN IS DRIPPING WET FROM THE RAIN.

JOHN
(slightly breathless)
General, I’m sorry for bursting in on you like this.
(to Lt. Dawkins)
Oh, good evening, Lieutenant.
(to General Cutler)
I can see you’re very busy and I don’t want to take up too much of your time, but--

GENERAL CUTLER
It appears I’m very much in demand tonight. But it’s late. My office is closed.

JOHN
I know what lies behind the attacks on the men.

GENERAL CUTLER
It’s alright, guard, this gentleman is known to me.

GUARD #2
(salutes)
Very good, General.

Guard #2 EXITS the office, closing the door behind him.

GENERAL CUTLER
Okay, speak. You have one minute.

JOHN
I’m afraid Fort Lambert is only the first target in a much wider campaign. There’s going to be an extraterrestrial invasion of the Earth. Everything fits together perfectly now. At first, I couldn’t see any real connection between the casualties because I was focussing on a small scale. But the casualties all worked in key defence positions -- directorship posts, er... communications, radar monitoring. It’s obvious now what’s happening here. They’re removing any potential obstacles, in preparation for a <u>full scale invasion</u>.

A moment of silence.

GENERAL CUTLER
Hmm. It’s come to my attention that your department usually deals with... UFO investigations. Well, this isn’t what we’re dealing with here, I can assure you. No, this is something much more down to earth.

JOHN
But I saw the alien face.

GENERAL CUTLER
What?

JOHN
Tonight, in my room -- I saw an alien face.

GENERAL CUTLER
There was an alien in your room?

JOHN
Yes. Well no, not exactly. It was in my dream. That is, I saw it in a dream, but it was real... just after the shadow man appeared.

LT. DAWKINS
That’s all we need, another raving lunatic on the premises! This is ridiculous, General. I said it was a bad idea to have non-personnel around. This one spends half his time chasing after flying saucers. It’s no wonder he doesn’t know what’s real and what isn’t!

GENERAL CUTLER
Right! This nonsense has gone on long enough. This is a military base, not a bloody asylum.
(towards door)
Guard!

Guard #2 ENTERS the office and gives a fixed salute.

GENERAL CUTLER
Escort Mister Redwood to a secure unit. He’s to be confined there until further notice.

Guard #2 drops the fixed salute.

JOHN
What? But I thought-- Just a minute, you can't have me arrested, I'm a civilian. I'm not under your command.

GENERAL CUTLER
My priority is the welfare of my staff. Don't worry, you'll be free to leave in the morning... after I've finished my report.

JOHN
But what about the aliens?

INT. CELL - NIGHT

THE CELL DOOR IS UNLOCKED AND OPENED. Guard #2 gestures for John to go inside.

JOHN
I suppose there's no point in running away?

Guard #2 doesn't respond. John reluctantly walks into the cell. THE CELL DOOR IS CLOSED AND LOCKED behind him. Guard #2 starts to walk away. John goes to the open shutter and stops him:

JOHN
Guard? Guard. Just listen to me for one moment, please. This is important. Tell the General, they attack humans through the mind while they sleep, or when they're overtired. That's the time when our defences are down. He's got to believe me. And tell-- Tell him to get in touch with my superior, Director Chambers at Department Six.

Guard #2 moves forwards and CLOSES THE METAL SHUTTER.

JOHN
(shouts)
Director Chambers, Department Six.

GUARD #2'S FOOTSTEPS DISAPPEAR DOWN THE CORRIDOR. A deflated John looks around the cell. Reluctantly, he sits down on the bunk. He catches sight of the visitor pass. He rips it off in frustration and throws it across the cell.

THE LIGHT GOES OUT -- THE CELL IS IN SEMI-DARKNESS.

JOHN
Oh, great.

John bows his head into his hands, with fingers through his hair, and lets out a (FRUSTRATED SIGH), then drops his hands and looks up again.

John suddenly rumbles through his side pockets, then relaxes and brings his hands out empty.

JOHN
Awhh... my phone! (Long yawn).
It could have been a dream.
(with conviction)
That was no dream.
(rubs eyes)
Mustn't fall asleep. I mustn't fall asleep. Mustn't, fall... asleep.

John remains still for a moment, head resting in one hand.

INT. DIM ROOM - NIGHT

INDISTINCT SETTING. A SILHOUETTED man (THE TARGET) moves towards a BLACK BOX on a table. The Target's shaded hands begin to open the hinged lid of the black box.

INT. CELL BLOCK CORRIDORS - NIGHT

TRACKING SHOT: IN A GLIDING MOTION DOWN A CORRIDOR, AROUND A FEW CORNERS AND HEADING UP TO THE DOOR OF JOHN'S CELL.

INT. CELL - NIGHT

John is sitting on the bunk, his head resting in one hand.

The sound of eerie chanting begins.

FX SOUND: CHANTING: "UM BAI OH-AH, UM GIN DAH. UM BAI OH-AH, UM GIN DAH." - CONTINUOUS.

John slowly spreads his fingers and looks through the gap. HIS EYE WIDENS WITH FEAR.

ACROSS THE CELL, A NUMBER OF SHADOW GHOSTS CRAWL FROM OUT OF THE WALL AND START TO WALK OMINOUSLY TOWARDS HIM.

FX SOUND: MULTIPLE GHOSTLY WHISPERING - CONTINUOUS.

John lowers his hand from his face.

JOHN
What are you?

John suddenly becomes panic-stricken as THE SHADOW GHOSTS SLOWLY CLOSE IN ON HIM.

LIGHT APPEARS IN THE GAP UNDER THE DOOR.

JOHN
(shouts to corridor)
Guard?

John starts to rise, but stops abruptly, unnerved by the sound of SLOW FOOTSTEPS approaching in the corridor. The footsteps stop outside the door. John braces himself.

A SHADOW APPEARS FROM UNDER THE BOTTOM OF THE DOOR AND STRETCHES ACROSS THE FLOOR. IT STANDS UPRIGHT IN FRONT OF THE DOOR, FORMING ITSELF INTO AN UNNATURALLY ELONGATED SHADOW GHOST. IT REACHES ITS HAND OUT TOWARDS JOHN (THE SAME WAY HOW JOHN REACHED HIS HAND OUT TOWARDS THE ALIEN).

John covers his eyes with both hands.

JOHN
Noooooo!

ANGLE STILL ON JOHN: THE SOUND OF THE CELL DOOR BEING UNLOCKED.

The cell door opens wide and NATURAL LIGHT FROM THE CORRIDOR IS CAST INTO THE CELL.

SOUND: END ALL SOUND.

WHITE SCREEN. JOHN’S FACE GRADUALLY EMERGES, WITH BOTH HANDS COVERING HIS EYES.

DR ANDERSON (O.S.)
Mister Redwood?

SOUND: NORMAL AMBIENT SOUND RETURNS.

John slowly lowers his hands and looks anxiously towards the door. In the doorway, stands the SILHOUETTED figure of a man (Dr Anderson). John looks around -- the cell appears normal -- then looks back at the silhouetted man.

DR ANDERSON
You look a bit shaken up there, Mister Redwood. I understand you had a rather uncomfortable experience earlier tonight.

Dr Anderson strolls casually into the cell and INTO CLEAR VIEW. John now recognises him.

JOHN
Doctor Anderson. (Long sigh). Am I glad to see you.

DR ANDERSON
Hello, John.

Dr Anderson sits down on the opposite bunk (where John saw the shadow ghost rise from).

DR ANDERSON
I hope you don’t mind, but I want to hear more about your ordeal.
(formal tone)
I want you to tell me everything from the beginning. In every detail.

John takes a moment to consider.

JOHN
It started earlier, when I was in my room. I heard a... well, a strange sound... voices.

LATER

John and Dr Anderson are seated, different to before. NOTE: JOHN NO LONGER HAS HIS OVERCOAT ON.

JOHN
Then, when you opened the door, nothing! It’s as if it never happened. I don’t understand. And the sensation... this indescribable feeling of absolute terror. I mean... phwoar, it went right through me.
(long pause)
Do you believe in ghosts?

Dr Anderson raises his eyebrows in a casual manner.

JOHN (CONT'D)
No... neither do I. But in the twelve years that I've worked for the department, I've never experienced anything remotely like that. I don't know. This is beyond me. Nothing makes sense anymore.

Dr Anderson nods his head in confirmation.

DR ANDERSON
Don't worry, John. What you've experienced isn't real. You have nothing to fear. It's all in the mind, you see.

JOHN
Now wait, I didn't imagine it. And it wasn't some random nightmare either. I wasn't even fully asleep.

DR ANDERSON
No, I'm not suggesting that for a moment.
(leans forward)
John -- what I'm about to tell you must be kept in the strictest confidence. If you repeat anything of what I say to anyone, and I mean anyone, you will place my position here in jeopardy. Do you understand?

JOHN
I'm listening.

DR ANDERSON
Do you understand?

JOHN
Yes sir, I understand.

Dr Anderson takes a moment to gather his thoughts.

DR ANDERSON
I belong to a covert... secret organisation within the military. We believe this defence base is being breached by a group of psychic operators from another country, most likely Russia or China. We refer to this group by the codename Shadow Masters.

JOHN
Shadow Masters? Huh. Psychic spies. You're talking about remote viewing, aren't you?

DR ANDERSON
Operators.

JOHN
What?

DR ANDERSON
Spies is old fashioned. They're called operators today.

JOHN
Psychic operators. Okay.

DR ANDERSON
You know about remote viewing?

JOHN
I've heard about it. I was under the impression it was only a theory, but I'm aware of the concept.

DR ANDERSON
Well, it's not something that can be proven to work categorically, but there have been numerous tests carried out for decades now, with some surprising results.

JOHN
I'm not quite sure I understand. Who is it that you work for?

DR ANDERSON
That information is classified. Normally, I wouldn't even be talking to outsiders. I was assigned here three months ago to conduct my own investigation, but it's proving more difficult than we thought. It was one of my team that recommended you to Cutler.

JOHN
I see. I <u>see</u>. So, you're Ministry of Defence as well. Only, a different branch, higher up. Military is always higher up.

DR ANDERSON
You know the protocol, John.

JOHN
Yeahp. No questions asked. These Shadow Masters -- what they're doing isn't just spying...

Dr Anderson shakes his head.

DR ANDERSON
We think they're a new breed of psychic warriors. They've harnessed remote viewing techniques and developed them into some form of thought projection. They don't just spy. They have the ability to project mental images and instil fear into the minds of their targets. How they achieve that is unknown, but so far, their methods are proving highly effective. You saw the condition Sergeant Walker and Private Smith were in.

JOHN
Yes. Well, everything does make a lot more sense to me now. Thank you. At least I know I'm not going mad.

DR ANDERSON
I don't think you need to worry about aliens either, for that matter.

JOHN
Huh, aliens! I must have looked like a right idiot in front of the General. (Exasperated sigh).
(pause)
Of course, this still doesn't change the situation, does it? If more personnel go down, pretty soon this base will be defenceless against <u>any</u> invasion.

DR ANDERSON
Precisely.

John gets up and slowly walks the length of the cell.

JOHN
Hmm. I can see your problem. It’s difficult to destroy an enemy you can’t see, let alone find. Unless, you could always hunt them down using your own psychic spies. I mean, er, operators.

DR ANDERSON
We already tried. These new warrior types are quite different. It’s almost as if they’re able to place mental barriers up to shield their location. Nearly impossible to penetrate. They’re also very selective about who they target. No. What we really need is somebody who’s already a target. One who’s willing to accept unconventional reason.

John nods in agreement, before reacting on realising Dr Anderson was referring to him.

DR ANDERSON
John, I’m going to give you some specialist training in remote viewing techniques. This will give you the ability to hunt down and pin-point the location of the psychic energy source, with absolute precision.

JOHN
You can’t be serious. I’m not psychic. I don’t know the first thing about remote viewing. Not properly, anyway.

DR ANDERSON
Listen, it’s a lot easier than it sounds. Trust me. It involves a relatively simple method. Most people can do it with the right guidance. We need your help, John.

JOHN
And you’re certain these Shadow Masters are what lie behind the attacks?

DR ANDERSON
We’re convinced.

JOHN
(eventually)
Alright then, you got me. At least, I’m willing to give it a shot. Besides, it doesn’t look like I have much choice, given the circumstances.

DR ANDERSON
That’s the spirit.

JOHN
So, erm... how do we go about this?

DR ANDERSON
First of all, we’ll go over to my practice where we can be more comfortable.
(looking around)
I don’t think this room has seen a cleaner in a while.

INT. MEDICAL CENTRE - DR ANDERSON’S PRACTICE - NIGHT

RAIN CAN BE HEARD ON THE WINDOW, BEHIND A CLOSED VENETIAN BLIND. A COMFORTABLE SETTING. A FEW HOUSE PLANTS FOR SIMPLE DECORATION. ALONG THE WORKTOP NUMEROUS CASE FILES ARE STACKED AMONGST AN ASSORTMENT OF MEDICAL PARAPHENALIA.

A LARGE CIRCULAR WALL CLOCK DISPLAYS ITS HANDS AT 10:10.

John is sitting on the medical couch. Dr Anderson hands him a MUG OF STEAMING COFFEE as he sips from his own MUG.

JOHN
Ah! Thank you. This should keep me awake long enough.

DR ANDERSON
First, you need to be lectured on the basic theory. I’m afraid this may take a while.

JOHN
Don’t worry, I’m used to getting long lectures from my boss. Sorry. Please continue.

ON ONE INTERIOR WALL, THERE IS A SMALL WINDOW LEADING INTO A CORRIDOR. Dr Anderson walks over to it.

DR ANDERSON
It’s essential that you fully understand what we’re trying to do here, John. So, listen carefully.

Dr Anderson drops the ROLLER BLIND down over the small window. NOTE: IT DROPS SUDDENLY AND LOUDLY.

JOHN
I promise, you have my full attention.

Dr Anderson moves to the worktop, puts down his coffee and leans back against the worktop.

DR ANDERSON
Okay, first lecture -- the difference between normal viewing and remote viewing. Normally when we observe, we naturally edit out lots of the information coming in. We try to rationalise and make sense of it all. In other words, we create our own interpretation of events. Now, during remote viewing, it’s the opposite. You need to train yourself to resist the temptation to edit.

JOHN
So, what you’re saying is, I need to let go of rational thought.

DR ANDERSON
Exactly that. Without our personal interference, the mind can observe with greater clarity.

John looks aside and quietly nods in confirmation.

LATER

THE CIRCULAR WALL CLOCK SHOWS THE PASSING OF TIME (NOTE: DISSOLVE) UNTIL THE HANDS DISPLAY 11:00.

A LARGE BROWN ENVELOPE rests on the medical couch.

John is sitting on a stool at the worktop with his back to the couch. He’s leaning over a BLANK SHEET OF PAPER. The fingertips and thumb of one hand are on his forehead and a PENCIL is in his other hand. His eyes are closed. NOTE: JOHN’S HALF-EMPTY COFFEE MUG IS ON THE WORKTOP.

Dr Anderson opens the main window Venetian blind and the TOP WINDOW SLAT. THE RAIN IS HEARD CLEARER.

DR ANDERSON
Just allow some fresh air in here.

Dr Anderson recloses the Venetian blind. He picks up his mug of coffee and stands under the wall clock. He watches John for a few moments.

DR ANDERSON
Clear your mind of everything else and concentrate only on what you perceive. Become aware of the distractions in your mind and gently exhale those distractions away from you. Breathe in and out a few times and relax.

John softly breathes in and out a few times.

DR ANDERSON
Just let your hand describe the target. Don't think. Just allow your hand to move. Your subconscious already knows what the target is. Trust your subconscious mind. Let your hand move around the paper. Across the paper and down. Whatever feels correct.
(pause)
First -- basic impressions. Man-made or natural. Water, person or object. One of those will feel correct. Truthful to you for the basic impression of the target.

John makes small, tentative movements on the paper.

DR ANDERSON
Next, probe the target again and describe your sensory impressions. Describe colours, sounds, textures, temperatures, tastes, smells... ambience, contrasts. What feels correct? Don't second guess yourself.
(pause)
At any point, feel free to put down words and sketches to help you hone in on the target.

John makes small, tentative movements on the paper.

DR ANDERSON
Now, some dimensions and magnitudes. Size, mass, orientation... direction, density, patterns. What patterns do you perceive? What structures, or shapes... volume?

John’s hand makes movements which are more pronounced now.

DR ANDERSON
Now, move a hundred feet above the target and describe what you see. Look all around it. Patterns, directions, structures, textures.

John’s hand is moving more freely.

DR ANDERSON (CONT’D)
Include the space around it, and any space within it.

John makes a few more hand movements and stops.

DR ANDERSON
Now, draw a sketch. What fits? What feels correct?
(pause)
Any nouns, just write them down on the right hand side, and let them go.

John momentarily opens his eyes to view the paper, and then closes them again. He doesn’t write or sketch anything.

DR ANDERSON
Finally, write a summary of your session target. Something that sums up what you’ve perceived.

John opens his eyes and writes “NATURAL” “MAN-MADE” “SQUAT” “OBJECT” “SEE THROUGH IT” on the right side of the paper.

NOTE: THE PAPER IS SEEN CLEARLY FOR THE FIRST TIME HERE SINCE JOHN BEGAN WRITING ON IT. THERE ARE VARIOUS MARKINGS AND LOOSE, INDISTINCT SKETCHES. THE WORDS “SOFT” “FLUID” “HARD” “ROUND” “SQUARE” “BLOCK” AND THE LETTER “L” ARE ALREADY WRITTEN IRREGULARLY ON THE PAPER.

Dr Anderson puts down his coffee mug, approaches John and looks over at the paper.

DR ANDERSON
I see you perceived the target as being hard, John. How hard?

Dr Anderson momentarily places his hand onto John’s shoulder and John closes his eyes.

DR ANDERSON
I want you to look at those qualities again -- texture and density, weight. Allow itself to show you. How does it feel?

JOHN
(after a pause)
Stone. It’s very heavy... like stone.

John writes “STONE” on the sheet of paper.

Dr Anderson picks up John’s half-empty coffee mug, making a CHINK sound and exposing a THICK COFFEE RING on the worktop surface. This causes John to open his eyes and look at the coffee ring. Dr Anderson places his hand onto John’s shoulder. John closes his eyes again. Dr Anderson moves away and puts the coffee mug aside.

DR ANDERSON
What about sizes again? Large or small? Quantity.

John immediately writes “L” on the sheet of paper again. He pauses for a moment, then writes “MANY”.

DR ANDERSON
And the air. Does the air have any atmosphere to it? What can you sense around you?

John writes “COLD”, followed by “DAMP” on the sheet of paper. He opens his eyes and finally writes the words “STONE CIRCLE”. John looks to Dr Anderson.

JOHN
I know what this it.

John drops the pencil on the paper, walks over to the couch and stands over the large brown envelope.

JOHN
I think I know what it is.

Dr Anderson hand gestures for John to open the envelope.

JOHN
I can open it now?

DR ANDERSON
Go ahead.

John opens the unsealed envelope and pulls out a LARGE BLACK AND WHITE PICTURE OF STONEHENGE TAKEN DURING THE DAMP AUTUMN.

JOHN
I knew it! I did it. I actually did it!

DR ANDERSON
Yes.

JOHN
It really works. Hah! I saw Stonehenge in my mind, and there it is. Hah!

DR ANDERSON
Congratulations. You've just performed your first remote viewing. You successfully described a subject that was in a separate location, by simply seeing it with your mind.

JOHN
That's incredible. I did see it.
(sits on couch)
How does it work though?

DR ANDERSON
Nobody knows for sure. There's a theory... a very credible theory in quantum physics about electronic particles. But I don't want to trouble you with that.

JOHN
But I'd like to know. Really. This is fascinating.

DR ANDERSON
Well -- electronic particles are... they're smaller than atoms and exist within a matrix. This is the theory. These particles are whirling around us all the time and they retain information. It's happening simultaneously at different points in space, and possibly time. Human beings are both natural receivers and transmitters. With remote viewing, we can tap into this matrix and gather the information. That's <u>basic</u> RV, anyway.

JOHN
And that’s backed up by quantum physics?

DR ANDERSON
It <u>is</u> quantum physics.

John remains still for a moment, looking at Dr Anderson with a fixed stare. He then looks at the photograph.

JOHN
This is just phenomenal. I mean it’s... (bewildered, enthusiastic sigh).
(smiles)

DR ANDERSON
It takes a bit of getting used to. And I must say, you did exceptionally well for your first session. You must be naturally intuitive.

JOHN
Well, I think I understand it all pretty clearly now.

DR ANDERSON
Good. Hopefully, we’ll experience another attack tonight. Then, you’re going to intercept and counteract the incoming thoughts of the enemy.

JOHN
Oh, yeah. You know, I almost forgot.

DR ANDERSON
Just think of it as tuning in to a radio signal.

JOHN
A radio signal... hmm.

INT. DIM ROOM - NIGHT

The BLACK BOX is on the table. The sound of FOOTSTEPS. TRACKING SHOT: POV: TOWARDS THE BLACK BOX. The Target's hand slowly reaches forward and inserts a KEY into the lock on the front of the black box and turns it -- CLICK.

INT. MEDICAL CENTRE - DR ANDERSON'S PRACTICE - NIGHT

RAIN CAN BE HEARD OUTSIDE, BEHIND A CLOSED VENETIAN BLIND WITH OPEN WINDOW SLAT. Dr Anderson is looking detached.

DR ANDERSON
(sternly to himself)
Now it begins.

Dr Anderson turns around to face John, who is seated on the couch, holding the PICTURE OF STONEHENGE. Dr Anderson produces a PILL BOTTLE from his shirt pocket and empties a PILL into his hand.

DR ANDERSON
Now, I'm just going to ask you to take one of these.

JOHN
What?
(putting the picture aside)
What's this?

DR ANDERSON
(handing John the pill)
Nothing for you to worry about. It's just a mild sedative. It'll help to block out any interference.

JOHN
Is that really necessary?

Dr Anderson picks up a GLASS and proceeds to FILL IT WITH WATER from the tap.

DR ANDERSON
No, but fear will be a major barrier, remember. If your mind becomes unstable, they'll use it against you.

Dr Anderson holds the glass of water out towards John. NOTE: EMPHASISE THE GLASS OF WATER.

John hesitates for a brief moment, then takes the glass of water and uses it to take the pill. Dr Anderson takes the glass back and gently pushes John’s shoulder back.

DR ANDERSON
Lie backwards and relax.

John lies back on the couch. Dr Anderson walks back to the worktop and puts the glass down.

John sits back up slightly.

JOHN
What are <u>you</u> going to do?

DR ANDERSON
Don’t worry about me.
(gestures)
Just lie back and relax.

JOHN
Oh.

John lies back down. Dr Anderson DIMS THE LIGHTS. He brings a stool close to the couch and sits beside John.

DR ANDERSON
(softly and slowly)
Now, try to clear your mind, and in a moment, you will start to feel drowsy. Don’t worry if you feel like you’re going to sleep, that’s fine.

John settles down (placing his trust in Dr Anderson).

DR ANDERSON
(softly and slowly)
Close your eyes. Keep your breath steady -- slow and deep. With each breath out, I want you to relax, and loosen every muscle in your body. Relax thoughts and tension. Become clear. You will go deeper and deeper into relaxation.
(pause)
When a thought enters into your head, just let it drift through and out again... as though you had a window in your mind.

John is in a serene state with his eyes closed. They both wait patiently. Dr Anderson observes John intently. THE CLOCK IS HEARD TICKING IN THE BACKGROUND.

THE LIGHT STARTS FLICKERING above John’s head. John opens his eyes.

JOHN
The light! What’s happening?

DR ANDERSON
(without looking around - softly and slowly)
The light looks normal to me. There is nothing unusual happening in this room. You are perfectly safe. Try to relax.

John closes his eyes again and soon becomes calm.

DR ANDERSON
(eventually)
Where are you, John? Tell me what you see.

JOHN
I’m not sure. I think it’s a--

DR ANDERSON
Don’t think about it. Allow it to occur naturally. Remember the basics, John. Your mind is clear. The only things that exist are the target and the related signals. Gently become aware of them and follow them to the source. Now, tell me what you see.

EXT. WOODLAND - MIND’S EYE VIEW - CONTINUOUS

NOTE: JOHN’S MIND’S EYE VIEW IS EITHER VISUALLY DISTORTED OR FILTERED BLUE.

VIEW OF WOODLAND, THICK WITH TREES, VERY DARK, WITH A <u>STRONG BREEZE</u> BLOWING. THE SOUND OF AN <u>OWL HOOT</u>.

JOHN (V.O.)
I’m in a wood... woodland.
(surprised)
I can smell the pines.

DR ANDERSON (V.O.)
Look deeper. See beyond the trees. Are there any structures nearby?

VAGUE OUTLINE OF DERELICT VICTORIAN HOSPITAL THROUGH TREES. TWO HUGE THICK TREE TRUNKS STAND IN FRONT OF THE DERELICT VICTORIAN HOSPITAL, ONE ON EACH SIDE, LIKE ORGANIC PILLARS.

JOHN (V.O.)
Yes, there's... It looks like a derelict building... bleak, almost ruins... indistinct. It's no good, I can't see it properly. It's too dark.

INTERCUT:

PRACTICE

DR ANDERSON
Enter it.

INT. DERELICT HOSPITAL CORRIDORS - MIND'S EYE VIEW - CONTINUOUS

MOVING SLOWLY THROUGH DERELICT HOSPITAL CORRIDORS. DIMLY LIT WITH VERTICAL SHAFTS OF LIGHT BREAKING THROUGH RANDOM HOLES IN THE ROOF. DRIPPING WATER and WET FLOOR.

JOHN (V.O.)
Corridors... endless corridors. They all look the same. They look like... old hospital corridors.

INTERCUT BETWEEN MIND'S EYE VIEW AND PRACTICE. NOTE: DIRECTOR'S DISCRETION WHEN TO INTERCUT, UNLESS SPECIFIED. DIALOGUE BETWEEN JOHN AND DR ANDERSON IS PERFORMED AS VOICEOVER DURING ONSCREEN MIND'S EYE VIEW.

DR ANDERSON
Good, keep that clear in your mind. Now, move forwards twenty feet.

MIND'S EYE VIEW: TRACKING SHOT: SUDDEN, RAPID RUSH FORWARDS, AROUND A CORNER INTO ANOTHER CORRIDOR AND SLOWS.

DR ANDERSON
Look around you. What do you see now?

JOHN
Corridors... endless corridors.

DR ANDERSON
Move forwards thirty feet, and look around.

MIND’S EYE VIEW: TRACKING SHOT: SUDDEN, RAPID RUSH FORWARDS, AROUND SEVERAL CORRIDORS (AS IF UNSTOPPABLE) AND SLOWS RIGHT DOWN IN A PARTICULARLY DARKENED AREA.

DR ANDERSON
Now, what do you see?

MIND’S EYE VIEW: THE NATURAL SHADOWS DOWN THE END OF THE CORRIDOR SUDDENLY APPEAR UNNERVINGLY OMINOUS.

FX SOUND: MULTIPLE GHOSTLY WHISPERING - CONTINUOUS.

JOHN
Huh... the shadows.

DR ANDERSON
Nothing you can see, or hear has the ability to harm you.

JOHN
Huh, huh... I can’t... I can’t breathe.

DR ANDERSON
(abruptly)
Focus on your mission, soldier. Move towards the target.

JOHN
Huh, huh... There, ther-there’s someone here. A man!

DR ANDERSON
Good! Describe him to me. Exactly as you see him.

JOHN
I can’t see him. I don’t know where he is. I just feel his presence... watching me. He’s... somewhere near.

INTERCUT:

PRACTICE

DR ANDERSON IS OBSCURED BY SHADOW.

DR ANDERSON
Sense him. Sense his pulse. I want you to feel the beating of his heart. Match his rhythm, and hone in on the target.

INTERCUT:

DERELICT HOSPITAL CORRIDORS

INDICATION OF A DARK PASSAGE AT THE END OF THE CORRIDOR. A SHORT FLIGHT OF STEPS LEAD DOWN TO THE PASSAGE, WHICH IS ON A LOWER LEVEL. A FEW FEET INTO THE PASSAGE, THE ROUTE IS BLOCKED BY A STONE WALL, MADE WITH LARGE ROUGH OLD STONES.

JOHN
He’s here.

DR ANDERSON
Where?

JOHN’S HANDS COME INTO VIEW. (NOTE: THIS IS THE FIRST TIME JOHN APPEARS PHYSICALLY WITHIN MIND’S EYE VIEW. HE APPEARS PHYSICALLY FROM NOW ONWARDS).

JOHN
Beyond this wall.

John places his hands against the stone wall.

FX SOUND: (THE MOMENT JOHN TOUCHES THE WALL): HELLISH SCREAMING/TORMENTED SOULS - CONTINUOUS.

SHADOW GHOSTS MOVE WITHIN THE NATURAL SHADOWS AROUND JOHN.

John tries desperately to see around him. SHADOW GHOSTS APPEAR FLEETINGLY AND RANDOMLY AT THE TOP OF THE STEPS.

FX SOUND: HINT OF MACABRE LAUGHTER - INTO DEEP LONG BREATH.

John has his eyes shut tight, his face grimacing, his hands pressed against the stone wall.

DR ANDERSON
Listen to me carefully, John. I want you to walk <u>through</u> the wall.

JOHN
(indifferent)
Walk through the wall.
(alarmed)
But it’s a solid wall!

DR ANDERSON
Relax. Control, function. Remember, it’s just like breathing... nice and steady. Now, move forwards two feet.

Uneasily, John lets go of the stone wall, looks up to the corridor from where he came, and then looks back at the stone wall. He regains his composure.

JOHN WALKS THROUGH THE STONE WALL.

FX SOUND: FADE OUT: WHISPERING/SCREAMING.

END DIRECTOR'S DISCRETION INTERCUTTING

INT. BLACK VOID - MIND'S EYE VIEW - CONTINUOUS

John is entombed in DARKNESS.

FX SOUND: SINGLE GHOSTLY WHISPER.

John moves tentatively forwards in the silent darkness. He KICKS something with his foot. He crouches down and picks up Private Smith's DISTINCTIVE MATCHBOOK from the floor.

FX SOUND: CHANTING - CONTINUOUS.

John looks into the darkness. He opens the matchbook and sees FIVE MATCHES left inside. He breaks one off, STRIKES THE MATCH and holds it up in front of him. He moves with caution through the darkness, following the chanting.

SLOW FOOTSTEPS are heard approaching. John freezes and looks concerned. THE MATCH GOES OUT as it reaches his fingers and burns him. He drops it. He hastily gets out the second match and STRIKES THE MATCH.

A SOLDIER -- wearing the uniform of a Soviet Russian parachutist from nineteen forty-eight, with red stars -- WALKS GRADUALLY INTO CLEAR VIEW. On spotting John, the Soldier stops and hastily points his rifle towards him.

JOHN (V.O.)
He's here! He looks... No... no, it can't be!

The Soldier COCKS HIS RIFLE. John suddenly BLOWS OUT THE MATCH and runs back in the direction he came from, but he unexpectedly HITS a SMOOTH FLAT WALL. John PADS THE WALL MADLY with both hands, trying to get out.

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ARE HEARD APPROACHING. John turns around. He looks sharply around in different directions as the RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ALTERNATE DIRECTION.

NOTE: THIS IS THE FIRST TIME JOHN SPEAKS DIRECTLY WITHIN HIS MIND'S EYE VIEW:

JOHN
He's coming closer. He's closing in.
(brief pause)
Can you hear me? Doctor Anderson!

John fumbles as he tries to strike the third match. The MATCH BREAKS and he throws it away. He takes out the fourth match, STRIKES THE MATCH and holds it up in front of him, with his hand trembling.

The Soldier LEANS FORWARD INTO THE LIGHT, staring at John. NOTE: THE SOLDIER IS NOW WEARING A GAS MASK AND HIS RIFLE IS STRAPPED OVER HIS SHOULDER, BEHIND HIM.

John starts (COUGHING AND CHOKING). RIPPLING CLEAR GAS IS HISSING OUT OF A VENTILATION VENT NEARBY.

John becomes faint. He DROPS THE MATCH and falls back against the flat wall, grasping his throat with both hands. The Soldier continues to stare at John.

John turns and puts his hands onto the flat wall. He slowly stretches his hands across the flat wall in a weakened manner. He turns back around and holds his throat again, with (SHORTENING BREATH) and panic in his eyes. The Soldier continues to stare at John.

NOTE: THIS IS THE LAST TIME JOHN SPEAKS DIRECTLY WITHIN HIS MIND'S EYE VIEW:

JOHN
(quietly, under breath - strained)
Help me... someone.

JOHN FALLS BACKWARDS THROUGH THE FLAT WALL, (GASPING).

FX SOUND: END: CHANTING.

INTERCUT:

DERELICT HOSPITAL CORRIDORS

John is lying on the flight of steps. He catches his breath. He looks sharply to the stone wall. He retreats up the steps and hurries up the corridor. He glances back at the dark passage, looks forwards again and halts.

A SILHOUETTED figure (Officer Chen) is standing at the end of the corridor.

John quickly looks around. He BREAKS OFF A LARGE SHARD OF WOOD FROM AN OLD WALL RAIL and holds it in a defensive manner as he looks towards the silhouetted figure.

Officer Chen WALKS SLOWLY OUT OF THE DARK AND INTO VIEW.

A moment of uncertainty from John. He slightly relaxes his defensive posture.

OFFICER CHEN
(eventually - calmly)
There is nothing to fear. Fear nothing.

OFFICER CHEN FADES AND DISAPPEARS.

John glances back towards the dark passage. He quickly takes a WHITE HANDKERCHIEF out of his pocket, wraps it around the end of the shard of wood to make a torch. He takes out the LAST MATCH and LIGHTS THE TORCH.

INTERCUT:

PRACTICE

John’s hand grips tightly around the arm of the couch.

INTERCUT:

DERELICT HOSPITAL CORRIDORS

John’s hand is gripping the LIT TORCH. He turns with steady confidence towards the dark passage. He takes TWO SLOW BREATHS -- THE SECOND EXHALE IS ONE, VERY LONG BREATH.

FX SOUND: MUTED CHANTING - CONTINUOUS.

TRACKING SHOT: DOWN THE CORRIDOR, DOWN THE FLIGHT OF STEPS AND INTO THE STONE WALL -- INTO BLACK SCREEN.

INTERCUT:

BLACK VOID

COMPLETE DARKNESS.

FX SOUND: CHANTING - CONTINUOUS.

John WALKS INTO VIEW with the LIT TORCH.

THE SOLDIER APPEARS WITHIN THE DARKNESS, AT A MID-RANGE DISTANCE, wearing the GAS MASK.

John looks at the Soldier. The Soldier stares back at John.

JOHN LIFTS THE TORCH, MAKING A WAVE MOTION IN AN ANGULAR ARC.

THE IMAGE OF THE SOLDIER MOMENTARILY BECOMES SEMI-TRANSPARENT, THEN SETTLES BACK TO ITS NORMAL APPEARANCE.

JOHN (V.O.)
Doctor Anderson. Are you there?

DR ANDERSON (V.O.)
I'm here, John.

JOHN (V.O.)
The image -- it's not real. It's a false projection.

DR ANDERSON (V.O.)
Are you sure?

JOHN WAVES THE TORCH THE OPPOSITE WAY, IN AN ARC MOTION. THE SOLDIER MOMENTARILY BECOMES SEMI-TRANSPARENT AGAIN.

JOHN (V.O.)
Yes. I can see through it.

INTERCUT:

PRACTICE

DR ANDERSON'S FACE IS OBSCURED BY SHADOW.

DR ANDERSON
Then fight him, John. I need to know if you can see his face -- his real face.

INTERCUT:

BLACK VOID

John places the fingertips and thumb of his free hand against his forehead and stares calmly at the Soldier. It now becomes a battle of wills between them.

THE IMAGE OF THE SOLDIER MOMENTARILY DISTORTS -- LIKE AN ELECTRONIC IMAGE WARPING HORIZONTALLY AND BECOMING SEMI-TRANSPARENT -- THEN SETTLES BACK TO ITS NORMAL APPEARANCE.

John calmly stares at the Soldier. There is fear in the Soldier’s eyes, seen through the gas mask.

The Soldier quickly pulls his rifle off his shoulder and aims it towards John.

John HURLS THE TORCH THROUGH THE AIR, towards the Soldier.

WHEN THE TORCH REACHES THE SOLDIER, THE IMAGE OF THE SOLDIER EXPLODES INTO A THOUSAND PIECES, LIKE SHATTERED AND BROKEN FRAGMENTS OF CRYSTAL GLASS.

FX SOUND: END: CHANTING.

INT. WHITE VOID - CONTINUOUS

TORRENTIAL RAIN. The Target is wearing a HOODED ARMY ANORAK and squatting on his heels in a clinical white void. He’s holding an indistinct object -- PYRAMID PRISM MADE OF CLEAR CRYSTAL -- against his forehead and (CHANTING). The rain is bouncing hard off him, and high off the floor.

NOTE: THE TARGET IS BACK-LIT, HIS FACE CONCEALED FROM VIEW, HEAD SLIGHTLY BOWED. THE CRYSTAL IS LARGELY CONCEALED FROM VIEW BY HIS HANDS, WHICH FORM A TRIANGULAR SHAPE AROUND IT. IT IS NOT CLEAR WHAT HE IS HOLDING.

THE TARGET
(repetitive chant)
Um bai oh-ah, um gin dah. ...

John’s feet slowly walking down a SHORT FLIGHT OF STEPS and onto flat surface. Torrential rain is bouncing off steps.

The Target hears JOHN’S SLOW FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING and (STOPS CHANTING ABRUPTLY). He takes the crystal away from his head, and then conceals it within the anorak pocket.

John is walking slowly towards The Target (NOTE: PAN UP FROM JOHN’S FEET) then stops. He slowly raises his right arm with his hand outstretched towards The Target.

The Target slowly lifts his head. NOTE: THE TARGET’S FACE REMAINS CONCEALED FROM VIEW. John sees the real face of The Target -- their eyes meet. THUNDER ROARS.

INTERCUT:

PRACTICE

THE RECEDING TAIL-END OF THE THUNDER OVERLAPS FROM PREVIOUS SCENE. John is looking up at Dr Anderson. DR ANDERSON'S FACE IS IN SHADOW.

DR ANDERSON
Did you see who it was? Did you see his real face?

JOHN
Yes. I mean, I think so. I saw him... just for a brief second, and then he was gone... gone from my mind.

Dr Anderson LEANS FORWARD INTO THE LIGHT and places his hand on John's shoulder.

DR ANDERSON
Do you think you would be able to provide an accurate description of what he looked like?

JOHN
I can give you his name if you like.

NOTE: THE ATMOSPHERE IS TENSE (THE INDICATION HERE BEING THAT DR ANDERSON MAY HAVE BEEN REVEALED TO BE THE TARGET).

DR ANDERSON
Oh, dear. I was afraid you were going to say that. Yes, this makes the situation very sticky.

JOHN
Yeah, the General won't be pleased.

INT. GENERAL CUTLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

RAIN CAN BE HEARD OUTSIDE, MUTED BEHIND THICK CURTAINS. General Cutler is pouring himself a glass of WHISKY, when there's a KNOCK on his door.

GENERAL CUTLER
Come in.

Dr Anderson ENTERS the office, followed closely by John. John closes the door.

GENERAL CUTLER
Ah, Doctor. Care for a small nightcap?

DR ANDERSON
No thank you, General. I’m here on official grounds.

GENERAL CUTLER
Oh? I don’t recall sending for you, and what’s Redwood doing out of his room? I gave strict instructions for him to remain there until morning.

DR ANDERSON
I took the liberty of releasing Mister Redwood earlier, General.

GENERAL CUTLER
Without my authority?

DR ANDERSON
With respect, General, I’m not under your jurisdiction.

GENERAL CUTLER
You better have a damn good reason for that last remark.

Dr Anderson walks over to General Cutler and (WHISPERS) close by his ear.

GENERAL CUTLER
You’re... I see. Well, this puts a whole different perspective on things.

DR ANDERSON
My department shares your concern about recent events here, General. I was sent to observe the situation on the ground. Mister Redwood has been extremely helpful this evening in assisting with my inquiries, and we’re here now because there’ve been some new developments.

GENERAL CUTLER
And <u>all this</u> has been going on in my compound?

DR ANDERSON
I’m sure you can appreciate the need for secrecy in such delicate matters, General.

GENERAL CUTLER
I suppose so. Well? What <u>are</u> these new developments? And please don’t tell me it’s ghosts or aliens.

DR ANDERSON
We have strong reason to believe there’s a clandestine group working within the base. I assume their objective is to bring down the established command, before stepping in as their replacement.

GENERAL CUTLER
Go on...

DR ANDERSON
We believe Lieutenant Dawkins has been using some means of mental projection to diminish the sanity of staff within the complex.

General Cutler sips his whisky, taking a moment to consider the allegation.

GENERAL CUTLER
This is ludicrous! Neither of you have any idea what you’re talking about. I’ve known Lieutenant Dawkins for years. You’ve been here five minutes!

DR ANDERSON
On the contrary, General. I have considerable expertise in this field.

GENERAL CUTLER
Well, that maybe so, but I’ve worked alongside the Lieutenant in a professional capacity, and I can assure you that no one on my staff has shown more dedication to the security of this base than the Lieutenant himself. And now you’re making him out to be some kind of... psychic spy!

JOHN
Operator, sir.

GENERAL CUTLER
What?

JOHN
They’re called operators today. The term spy is seen as old fashioned. But it means the same thing.

GENERAL CUTLER
Well, thank you for clearing that up.

JOHN
I guess that doesn’t really matter, does it? General, if I could just say something.

GENERAL CUTLER
Permission to speak.

JOHN
I can understand how ludicrous it sounds, but consider all the unexplained events lately... everything that’s happened. Now, surely it’s to our advantage if we pursue all lines of inquiry. And we do have sufficient evidence to suggest the Lieutenant’s involvement.

GENERAL CUTLER
Such as?

JOHN
Well... it’s rather difficult to explain. But I can assure you we’ve been very thorough.

DR ANDERSON
I’ll have a full report ready for you tomorrow, General.

GENERAL CUTLER
(more relaxed - perplexed)
But I’ve known Dawkins for <u>years</u>.

JOHN
All we're asking for is one hour to interview the Lieutenant. That's all.

DR ANDERSON
And whatever the outcome, at least it'll put your mind at rest.

GENERAL CUTLER
Very well, gentlemen. I'll grant you an interview with him, tomorrow morning. But understand one thing -- if Dawkins denies all knowledge of this and you don't find proof, this could end up very embarrassing for all of us.

General Cutler continues to drink his whisky.

INT. LIEUTENANT DAWKINS' PRIVATE QUARTERS - DAY

A LARGE FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH OF LIEUTENANT DAWKINS POSING IN FRONT OF A HUGE MISSILE hangs on the wall. NOTE: THE PHOTOGRAPH IS HANGING AT A SLIGHT TILT.

John, Dr Anderson, GUARD #3 and GUARD #4 are searching the room. SOME ITEMS LOOK OBVIOUSLY DISPLACED FROM THE SEARCH. Guard #3 is searching a cupboard.

GUARD #3
What are we looking for, exactly?

JOHN
Anything that doesn't belong. Something that doesn't fit the picture. Just keep looking. I'll know when we find it.

They continue searching through CARDBOARD BOXES, cupboards and drawers.

John spots a RAIN-SOAKED HOODED ARMY ANORAK hanging on the bathroom door knob. He eagerly lifts it off and looks at it. He checks through the pockets, pulling the last pocket out to show that it's empty. He looks thoughtfully at the anorak for a moment, and then hangs it back up.

The two guards are searching elsewhere.

John is looking through a cardboard box on top of a set of drawers, pulling VARIOUS SMALL ITEMS out one at a time and looking at them briefly before putting them back into the box. Dr Anderson is searching through the drawers.

NOTE: THE CLOTHES INSIDE THE DRAWERS ARE ALL PERFECTLY FOLDED AND ARRANGED IN UNIFORMED ALIGNMENT.

Dr Anderson crouches down and opens the bottom drawer. He looks under a few MILITARY SHIRTS, then removes the top few from the drawer and places them on the floor.

Dr Anderson removes a second lot of shirts and discovers that underneath is a NEAT PILE OF WOMEN'S KNICKERS. He places the second lot of shirts on the floor. He reaches into the drawer again and slowly holds up the top pair of BLACK SILK KNICKERS.

John notices and crouches down, looking at the knickers. They both GLANCE at each other, then back at the knickers.

JOHN
Well, that's not what we're looking for.

Dr Anderson puts the knickers back and continues searching the drawer. The two guards are searching elsewhere.

John looks under the bed.

GUARD #3
There's nothing here.

John looks up.

JOHN
Nothing?
(to Guard #4)
What about you -- anything?

GUARD #4
Nothing, sir.

John looks to Dr Anderson. Dr Anderson shakes his head.

John walks into the middle of the room and points down at the floorboards.

JOHN
What about the floorboards. Can we take those up?

Dr Anderson takes John aside.

DR ANDERSON
(discreetly)
We're not even supposed to be here, John. We can't just go tearing up the place.

JOHN
(discreetly)
I appreciate you arranging this, but we need to find it.
(to everybody)
Okay, keep looking.
(pointing at wardrobe)
What's in there?

GUARD #4
I've checked that already, sir. Nothing unusual.

DR ANDERSON
John. Let's call it a day.

JOHN
Alright... alright.
(to guards)
Put everything back, just how we found it, and let's get out of here before the Lieutenant shows up.

Dr Anderson and the two guards begin putting the displaced items back in their natural place, straightening them up and closing cupboard doors.

John walks over to the photograph of Lieutenant Dawkins on the wall and stares at it. After a few moments, he notices that it's tilted and straightens it up, steps back to check and then straightens it up again.

John briefly surveys the room.

JOHN
You all done?

GUARD #3
Yes, sir. Everything's neat and squared off. The Lieutenant won't know we've been here.

JOHN
Alright. Well... I guess that's it.
(to guards)
Thanks for your help, fellas. Come on, let's go. After you.

They all head for the door and step outside. John is last out. He's just about to close the door behind him, when he slowly opens it again, looking in towards the photograph. He steps back inside and points to the photograph.

JOHN
Did anybody move this picture?

DR ANDERSON
I didn’t.

JOHN
(to Guards)
What about you?

GUARD #3
No, sir.

GUARD #4
No, sir.

John goes over to the photograph. The others walk back into the room.

John partly lifts the photograph away from the wall, revealing the corner of a WALL SAFE, and looks underneath. He looks briefly at Dr Anderson, then removes the photograph from the wall and places it on the floor.

John SLAMS his hand onto the wall next to the safe and looks at Dr Anderson.

JOHN
It has to be here.

DR ANDERSON
I don’t suppose you have the combination?

JOHN
It looks like a cheap model. Nothing fancy. Find me a glass.

DR ANDERSON
What?

JOHN
Any glass. Just find me a glass.

Guard #4 quickly finds a GLASS and hands it to John. John places the glass against the safe door, presses his ear onto the glass and begins carefully TURNING THE SAFE DIAL.

JOHN
Ah, yeahp.

John turns the dial both ways a few times.

DR ANDERSON
Are you sure you know what you’re doing?

JOHN
(smiles at Dr Anderson)
I’m not just a pretty face.

John continues turning the dial.

GUARD #3
Doctor Anderson. Are you certain we have General Cutler’s permission to be doing this?

DR ANDERSON
This is official business.

GUARD #3
Yes, sir.

DR ANDERSON
(whispers to John)
What are you listening for?

JOHN
Shh!

John continues, then interrupts the process to (COUGH) away from the safe, and then replaces his ear and resumes his work.

JOHN
How we doing for time?

DR ANDERSON
(looks at watch)
We’re doing okay, John.

Eventually, there’s a DEEP CLICK and John stops.

JOHN
(to Dr Anderson)
I think that’s it.

John puts his hand onto the safe door handle. There’s a KNOCK on the room door. John DROPS THE GLASS FROM HIS OTHER HAND AND IT <u>SHATTERS</u> INTO MANY PIECES on the floor.

Everybody freezes. Dr Anderson places a finger over his mouth to gesture that they all keep quiet.

The sound of JANGLING KEYS is heard outside.

Dr Anderson goes over to the front door and looks through the SPY HOLE.

SPY HOLE VIEW INTO CORRIDOR:

PRIVATE CALLAGHAN is in the corridor outside the door, fiddling nervously with a RING SET OF KEYS. A MOP AND METAL BUCKET are leaning up against the wall behind him.

INTERCUT BETWEEN SPY HOLE VIEW AND PRIVATE QUARTERS

DR ANDERSON
(mimicking Lt. Dawkins)
Yes?

Private Callaghan stops fiddling with the keys and gives a sharp, fixed salute.

PTE. CALLAGHAN
Private Callaghan, Lieutenant.

DR ANDERSON
Yes?

Private Callaghan drops the salute.

PTE. CALLAGHAN
I was on cleaning duty this morning and... I think I may have left my anorak behind. Sorry, Lieutenant.

Dr Anderson looks quickly at the rain-soaked army anorak hanging on the bathroom door knob.

DR ANDERSON
You will have to come back later. Good day, Private.

PTE. CALLAGHAN
(salutes)
Very good, Lieutenant.

While still holding the safe door handle, John looks down, and then appears TRANSFIXED as he looks at the SHATTERED PIECES OF GLASS on the floor.

PTE. CALLAGHAN (O.S.)
<u>Is</u> everything okay in there, Lieutenant? I heard a noise.

DR ANDERSON
That will be all, Private. Dismissed.

PTE. CALLAGHAN
(salutes)
Lieutenant.

Private Callaghan performs a standard quarter-turn, picks up the mop and bucket and walks away.

END INTERCUTTING

Dr Anderson listens for a brief moment. He looks back at John and nods, then walks back towards the safe.

DR ANDERSON
Let’s get this done as quick as possible.

John opens the safe door. Inside the safe are FILES, DOCUMENTS, ROLLED UP BLUEPRINTS and the BLACK BOX.

DR ANDERSON
Looks like we found <u>something</u>.

John starts taking out the contents, passing them to Dr Anderson. Dr Anderson passes some files to Guard #4, takes the top file back and looks at the PAPERWORK inside.

John appears quietly satisfied as he looks at the exposed black box inside the safe. He reaches in, takes it out and carries it towards a table.

JOHN
Okay, what have we got here?

John places the black box on the table and tries the latch.

JOHN
It’s locked.
(to Guard #3)
Can you open this too?

Guard #3 takes out a SET OF SKELETON KEYS and fiddles with the lock until it opens. He steps back. Dr Anderson moves in closer.

John opens the hinged lid of the black box. NOTE: THE CONTENTS OF THE BLACK BOX REMAIN UNSEEN.

John looks at Dr Anderson and calmly nods.

JOHN
Let’s bring him in.

INT. OFFICIAL INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

RAIN CAN BE HEARD OUTSIDE. John is seated at a table in the middle of the room. NOTE: JOHN IS WEARING THE VISITOR PASS AGAIN. Dr Anderson is standing, looking through the small window in the door, into the corridor.

DR ANDERSON
(looking at watch)
What's keeping them? They should've been here by now.

JOHN
That officer, the one who brought me in to meet you yesterday. Is she one of your team?

DR ANDERSON
You mean Chen? No, why do you ask?

JOHN
I just... just wondered. That's okay, it's none of my business. I shouldn't have mentioned it.

DR ANDERSON
(glances back through window)
He's here.

Lieutenant Dawkins, carrying a DOCUMENT FOLDER, is brought in by Guard #3. Guard #3 closes the door and remains on guard outside the room. Dr Anderson gestures for Lieutenant Dawkins to take a seat. Lieutenant Dawkins hesitates for a moment, GLANCING at them both in turn, then walks around the table, drops the document folder onto the table and takes the seat opposite John.

Dr Anderson walks towards the rear of the room behind John. He opens up a MEDICAL BRIEFCASE placed on a smaller table at the rear of the room.

Lieutenant Dawkins and John are looking at each other.

Dr Anderson turns and slowly approaches the centre table, carrying the BLACK BOX in his hands. Lieutenant Dawkins' eyes are drawn to the black box as it approaches.

Dr Anderson places the black box onto the end of the table. He opens the black box, takes out a pyramid prism made of clear CRYSTAL and places it into the centre of the table. He takes a seat next to John, placing the black box down on the floor, out of sight. Lieutenant Dawkins seems apprehensive, but remains controlled.

JOHN
Good morning, Lieutenant.

LT. DAWKINS
Get on with it. Whatever this is.

JOHN
Earlier this morning, a search was carried out in your private quarters, and the guards came across this peculiar item.

LT. DAWKINS
Yes?

JOHN
It’s not the usual thing you would expect military personnel to keep in their room. Quite out of the ordinary, wouldn’t you say?

LT. DAWKINS
Not all that unusual. A little eccentric perhaps.
(gently scratches centre of forehead)

JOHN
Even more curious, is how you kept it hidden amongst confidential files, inside a wall safe.

DR ANDERSON
We didn’t look at your files.

LT. DAWKINS
A small precaution. You never know, it might be valuable.

JOHN
You mean to tell me, you don’t know what this is?

LT. DAWKINS
I’ve no idea. I came across it during an expedition with some of the troops. One of those team-building exercises.

JOHN
Where was that?

LT. DAWKINS
It was, erm... it was an archaeological dig in Wiltshire. Last year. A special treat for the lads during summer solstice.

JOHN
You found this buried underground?

LT. DAWKINS
Yes. Naturally, I could see it didn't belong amongst the rest of the findings. Thought somebody must have placed it there as a joke. I don't even know why I kept it, to be honest. I even thought about selling it on at first, but the more I studied the thing, the more I became fascinated with it. It is a rather interesting object, after all. Look, I fail to see what all this fuss is about.

NOTE: LIEUTENANT DAWKINS GLANCES QUICKLY AT DR ANDERSON AFTER DR ANDERSON'S DEPARTMENT IS MENTIONED DURING THE DIALOGUE BELOW:

JOHN
Alright. Well, we don't have a lot of time anyway, so I better just cut to the chase. General Cutler, myself and Doctor Anderson's department are fully aware of how involved you are in the recent distress of personnel. We know you're behind the psychic projections.

LT. DAWKINS
Oh? Psychic projections? And what's the General have to say about all this?

JOHN
It was the General's order to bring you in for questioning.

LT. DAWKINS
My word! You have been busy, haven't you? And I had you down as a stargazer.

JOHN
Your career's finished, Lieutenant. There's no way out. So why not make it easier for yourself and cooperate with us.

DR ANDERSON
We could always place you under surveillance around the clock. Listen in on your calls, bug your quarters, your home. Watch to see who you meet up with when you're away from the base. We could make things very uncomfortable for you.

Lieutenant Dawkins looks concerned. He takes his time to weigh up the situation. He bows his head, closes his eyes and places his hands across his forehead like a visor.

A SINGLE BEAD OF SWEAT TRICKLES DOWN THE SIDE OF LIEUTENANT DAWKINS' FACE. He lowers his hands and looks up.

LT. DAWKINS
Very well. It functions as a thought projection device.

John and Dr Anderson exchange brief sideways GLANCES.

JOHN
(to Lt. Dawkins)
Good. I'm pleased to see you've made the right choice, Lieutenant. Can you tell us more about how this thing works? I mean, what's the principle force behind it?

LT. DAWKINS
To be perfectly honest, I'm not sure. I'm still learning about it myself. But, I assume it has something to do with the specific material it's made from combined with the prism effect. Together, they form a medium for viewing remotely, and more significantly, transmitting signals, thought waves. I simply use the power of my mind focused on the crystal.

JOHN
And the strange chanting you do when you're holding the crystal. What <u>is</u> that?

LT. DAWKINS
Oh, the chanting. That just came naturally. It doesn't mean anything, its mumbo jumbo. But I find if I chant these particular sounds repeatedly, it helps me to concentrate my mind. You see, you need to focus properly to retain a steady link between yourself and the target.

JOHN
What do you concentrate <u>on</u>?

LT. DAWKINS
Nothing but the chosen target and the thought you intend to project. You clear the mind of everything else. Then, the process takes care of itself.

DR ANDERSON
This all sounds very far-fetched.

John GLANCES at Dr Anderson.

LT. DAWKINS
Really? I've been doing some research about the nature of the physical universe.

DR ANDERSON
Enlighten me.

NOTE: WHEN LIEUTENANT DAWKINS LOOKS (INTO CAMERA) DURING DIALOGUE BELOW: EXTREMELY SLOW <u>TRACK AND ZOOM</u> SHOT TO CREATE A GRADUAL DISTORTED BACKGROUND PERSPECTIVE AROUND HIM.

LT. DAWKINS
Well --
(into camera)
A growing number of reputable scientists believe there are portals which exist at a subatomic level. The mind can enter through these portals, given the right apparatus. This crystal supplies me with the means to do that. It's my belief that the crystalline properties have the ability to absorb thought waves, and the prism refracts the thought waves, allowing them to pass through the portals.

JOHN
So, you’re saying the crystal is like a doorway, to an open channel between two separate points in space.

LT. DAWKINS
I would say that’s my basic assertion, yes, certainly.

JOHN
That sounds remarkable! How did you discover it could do this in the first place?

LT. DAWKINS
It’s difficult to explain. I was in my room. It’d been one of those long days, and I was tired... worn out. I was just looking at the crystal, admiring its form, when I had this sudden compulsion to place it against my forehead. I don’t know why. Sounds silly when I say it. But it was so... surreal.

JOHN
In what way?

LT. DAWKINS
I was no longer in my room. My whole mind went to a different place. I could <u>see</u> the Operations Room, where I’d been supervising earlier. Not clearly at first, it was like I was looking through a dark mist. Then, for some reason, I just began chanting rhythmic sounds and the image became clearer. It didn’t last long, but for a while, nothing else existed around me. Only what I could see in my mind. I didn’t know if it was my imagination, a dream or... I didn’t know what to think. It was so strange.

JOHN
And from then onwards, you’ve continued to experiment with it, exploring its potential?

LT. DAWKINS
Yes. To begin with, I could only observe through it. But one night, I saw the effect it had on a subject I was viewing.

DR ANDERSON
Which subject?

NOTE: WHEN LIEUTENANT DAWKINS LOOKS (INTO CAMERA) DURING DIALOGUE BELOW: EXTREMELY SLOW TRACK AND ZOOM SHOT.

LT. DAWKINS
Some random soldier. It felt kind of erm... spooky because I thought he was aware of my presence. At one point, I could have sworn he looked straight at me. Anyway, the next day, I heard the same soldier had been taken to sickbay, suffering from panic attacks. So, I went to see him. He was messed up alright. According to the doctor’s report -- Doctor Philips -- he was complaining about hearing chanting in his head during the nightshift. The same chanting that I was doing.
(into camera)
Then I realised I could project my own thoughts into the minds of others. And as a consequence, I could also trigger their emotions. The shorter the distance, the stronger the effect. I’ve been experimenting with it for months now. Disembodied voices, shadowy figures... With enough practice, I should be able to project all kinds of images, real or imagined. I’m sure I could even produce a unicorn if I put my mind to it.

Lieutenant Dawkins LOOKS DIRECTLY at John. John STARES back at Lieutenant Dawkins.

INTO MATCHING TRACK AND ZOOM SHOT WITH ANGLE ON JOHN. THE LIGHT AROUND JOHN DIMS CONSIDERABLY AS THE CEILING LIGHT FLICKERS. THE THUNDER ROARS OUTSIDE.

Lieutenant Dawkins stares coolly at John.

DR ANDERSON
(eventually)
Mister Redwood? Mister Redwood!

NOTE: THE ROOM LIGHTING APPEARS NORMAL AGAIN.

JOHN
Er... yeah. Um... sorry, Doctor Anderson, I lost my train of thought for a second.
(to Lt. Dawkins)
You were saying.

Lieutenant Dawkins seems quietly pleased to have found a captive audience.

LT. DAWKINS
It really needs to be studied further and developed.
(discreet, suggestive glance to John)
With crystal technology, eventually we may be able to access the link between the human mind and the <u>entire web of the universe</u>. All we need to do is to learn more about its unknown properties, then adapt it with...
(spots Dr Anderson)
existing technology.

Dr Anderson casually SLIDES the document folder towards him and picks it up. He leans back, opens the folder and starts reading it.

LT. DAWKINS
Do you mind?

Dr Anderson gives Lieutenant Dawkins a nonchalant look, then continues to read the document.

John leans forwards.

JOHN
I’d like to learn more about its nature and origin myself. There is something curious about it. This was buried underground for god knows how long, but there appears to be no signs of surface corrosion. It doesn’t even feel like normal crystal.

LT. DAWKINS
The material is very interesting. You notice how dense it feels. It has the weight of solid gold.

JOHN
Yes, I noticed that. And look at the structure. The geometry is absolutely perfect. There isn't a single defect anywhere.

LT. DAWKINS
Remarkable, isn't it? Considering its age, one has to marvel at the engineering involved. Even the wisdom to conceive something like this.

JOHN
You think it was man-made?

LT. DAWKINS
That's a good question. I wish I knew the answer. It could be natural, I suppose. Whichever the case, it's a beautiful design. When I hold it up in the moonlight, it shines like the Morning Star.

A brief pause in conversation while Lieutenant Dawkins and John both stare enchanted at the crystal.

The tossed document folder SLAMS down onto the table, breaking their concentration.

DR ANDERSON
Who else has been working with you? For the end result, I mean. You can't take over this establishment all by yourself.

LT. DAWKINS
There <u>is</u> no one else. I work alone.

DR ANDERSON
Nonsense, there must be others lurking in the shadows.

LT. DAWKINS
I didn't need anybody else. The right people would have been selected later, once the ground work had been done.

DR ANDERSON
So, I take it you were still in the preliminary phase of your operation -- sending voices and apparitions to break down the will of the staff.

LT. DAWKINS
(after a beat)
I took no pleasure in doing that.

JOHN
Why the <u>alien</u> ghost?

Lieutenant Dawkins takes a long, hard look at John.

LT. DAWKINS
Are you mocking me?

JOHN
No, I saw... Well, you know what I saw -- the alien face.

LT. DAWKINS
I know what you think you saw. You were obviously dreaming at the time. I'm beginning to think you have aliens on the brain.

JOHN
Alright, let's erm... Well, let's forget that for now. (Clears throat). What I don't understand here, is why you didn't just go after the General. If you really wanted to gain control of this place, I would have thought that was the most obvious route.

LT. DAWKINS
General Cutler? He's far too stubborn to be a recipient target. (Chuckle).

DR ANDERSON
I can't believe you'd want to harm the old man. Not after everything you've been through. Better to wait until the whole base was in a state of chaos, making him look incompetent. At which point, you simply step in as the new Commander.
(MORE)

DR ANDERSON (CONT'D)
With a record like yours and your knowledge of the base, I imagine you would be next in line anyway... the obvious choice. That was your plan, wasn't it? Simple, very effective, very clean. Lieutenant?

LT. DAWKINS
We go back a long way. You're right, I couldn't target him. But people like General Cutler are the old fossils now... stuck in the past... men without vision. We'll never remain the dominant force on this planet unless we embrace new ideas... harness new technological advances.

JOHN
Crystal technology.

LT. DAWKINS
Yes, crystal technology. Could you imagine me taking such an unconventional idea to the General? It would be considered pseudo-science at best. There's no way he'd agree to finance the research I had in mind.

DR ANDERSON
(abruptly)
Your duty, Lieutenant was to stick to the job you were assigned to. The one you were entrusted with.

An awkward moment.

JOHN
Lieutenant -- this theory of yours about tapping into the web of the universe -- I personally find that fascinating. But I imagine for any theory to receive commission for practical development, it would need to be based upon known scientific facts.

LT. DAWKINS
But I know about its effectiveness now. So I know how important its place will be in times of future wars. Don't you see? It's in the interest of our national security. We need to develop new weapons technology to defend the country from our enemies.

JOHN
Weapons technology?

LT. DAWKINS
You've seen the results for yourselves. This is just the beginning. Imagine what could be achieved with an advanced version of this. Organised and well equipped armies reduced to mindless chaos. Leaders of countries wetting themselves and screaming like children. The ultimate weapon -- control over the minds of all enemies.

JOHN
That's barbaric!

LT. DAWKINS
Oh? Perhaps you'd prefer <u>our</u> troops to die in the field?

Dr Anderson looks like he has heard enough.

DR ANDERSON
(rising from chair)
Thank you, Lieutenant. That will be all for now. Before you're handed over to my department for an official inquiry, General Cutler would like to see you in his office. If you just follow the guard outside, he'll--

LT. DAWKINS
I know where the bloody General's office is, for crying out loud!

Lieutenant Dawkins gets up, picking up the document folder.

LT. DAWKINS (CONT'D)
I can make my own way there.

Lieutenant Dawkins leans forward to retrieve the crystal. Dr Anderson reaches for the crystal and SLIDES it towards himself.

DR ANDERSON
I think we'll hold on to this from now on.

Lieutenant Dawkins looks at Dr Anderson with ANGERED FRUSTRATION, giving way to a WRY GLARE.

LT. DAWKINS
Worried I might haunt you or something?

Dr Anderson returns a cynical, knowing look. Lieutenant Dawkins and Dr Anderson stare at each other for a moment -- there is an air of private understanding between them. NOTE: WHILE THIS IS HAPPENING, JOHN'S ATTENTION IS FOCUSED ON THE CRYSTAL.

INT. GENERAL CUTLER'S OFFICE - DAY

General Cutler is standing and looking in a MIRROR, straightening his tie and uniform jacket.

SOUND: EXTERIOR: MARCHING TROOPS ON PARADE DRILL, BEING INSTRUCTED BY THEIR DRILL SERGEANT. AS COMMANDED, THEY COME TO A HALT, TURN AND STAMP.

General Cutler gazes over towards the window.

SOUND: EXTERIOR: AFTER A MOMENT OF SILENCE, THE DRILL SERGEANT RESUMES HIS COMMANDS AND THE TROOPS MARCH AWAY.

General Cutler looks back in the mirror and makes one last adjustment to his tie, and then gives a sharp salute.

General Cutler walks over to an adjacent wall and looks at something: A PICTURE OF GENERAL CUTLER AND LIEUTENANT DAWKINS LOOKING PROUD IN FULL MILITARY REGALIA.

General Cutler lowers his eyes in a saddened manner.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT - FLASHBACK TO DREAM #1

REFLECTED IN THE WATER OF THE STREAM: THE UNICORN'S HEAD SLOWLY BECOMES MORE VISIBLE AS THE RIPPLES BEGIN TO SETTLE.

NOTE: THE SHOT LASTS LONGER THAN IT DOES IN DREAM #1, SO THE RIPPLES BECOME MORE SETTLED AND THE IMAGE OF THE UNICORN IS CLEARER NOW.

INT. OFFICIAL INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

John is sitting on the edge of the table, looking deep in thought.

Dr Anderson takes a CLIPBOARD from his MEDICAL BRIEFCASE.

DR ANDERSON
All this nonsense with crystal technology, hah! The Lieutenant is one smooth operator, I give him that.

Dr Anderson starts writing notes. John stretches with his arms downwards and shoulders forwards, as if having just woken. The CRYSTAL is in his hands. He looks at the crystal, gently turning it over in his hands.

JOHN
I’m not so sure. He may be misguided about its use, but if his hypothesis is right, mankind could be on the verge of a major discovery.

DR ANDERSON
Well, my concern is the defence of this country, and nothing more.

JOHN
You really don’t believe it, do you, Doctor Anderson?

DR ANDERSON
Not a single word.

JOHN
Hmm, you surprise me. For someone who explores the mind so much, you have very little imagination.

John continues to stare at the crystal. He seems lost in thought again. Dr Anderson briefly GLANCES at John while continuing to write notes.

DR ANDERSON
What’s on your mind, John?

JOHN
Oh, it’s nothing. It’s just something the Lieutenant said.

DR ANDERSON
About what?

JOHN
Well, I've been having this dream about a unicorn all week. The same dream repeated each night.

Dr Anderson looks up from his notes again, looking at John with an air of genuine concern. He puts the clipboard down.

DR ANDERSON
Wanna tell me about it?

JOHN
The dream itself isn't important. But it's the image. Lieutenant Dawkins must have known that I was coming here in advance, right? And he probably knew it was only a matter of time before he was discovered. So, perhaps he's been sending me the image to let me know that the power of the crystal is real? Maybe it should be studied... under proper supervision, I mean.

DR ANDERSON
Unicorn... hmm. A symbol of innocence... purity. Not uncommon in dreams. Like any dream which features a mythical creature, it usually means the dreamer has a desire to escape their real life circumstances. A subconscious reaction to the pressure of a regular and worrying environment.
(with distinction)
Maybe you should listen to your dreams.

JOHN
A bit of a coincidence. Did you see how Dawkins looked at me when he said it?

DR ANDERSON
John, I'd advise you to forget everything you've heard in this room. Nothing Lieutenant Dawkins said was genuine. He was only interested in advancing his own position within the chain of command, that's all.

JOHN
I don’t know. That’s not the impression I got. He seemed so convinced about everything.

DR ANDERSON
My guess is Lieutenant Dawkins concocted this whole charade just to avoid prosecution. It’ll be impossible to bring a case against him in a court of law, and he knows it. He’ll probably end up with an honourable discharge.
(thoughtfully)
Smart man.

JOHN
But what about the mental projections -- they were real.

DR ANDERSON
Were they?

JOHN
Of course, we both know they were. And what’s the difference between what the Lieutenant was doing and what I achieved with remote viewing? There <u>is</u> no difference. He just had a device that allowed him to take it beyond viewing. But the principle is the same.

DR ANDERSON
Ancient artefact! That crystal probably had a manufacturer’s label and price tag on it when it came into the Lieutenant’s possession.

JOHN
Made in China, no doubt?

DR ANDERSON
(sheepishly)
Yes... well. Look, for all we know, he could have been administering a new drug -- one that we couldn’t test for. Or sending out some kind of high frequency electronic signal. That was his area of expertise, don’t forget. And I know he was working on some black projects here.

JOHN
What kind of black projects?

DR ANDERSON
I don’t know. I don’t have access to those areas.

JOHN
Can’t you find out?

DR ANDERSON
They’re black projects. You can’t just simply knock on a door and ask to look around!

JOHN
Come on, Anderson, you must know something about them. What was your brief?

DR ANDERSON
Same as yours, I imagine -- very brief. (Chuckle). My field is psychology. I was only sent here to assess the effect on the casualties. Besides, there was nothing in the brief to suggest an inside job. As far as we were concerned, we were looking for a foreign source.

JOHN
But you half-suspected Dawkins, didn’t you? Why?

DR ANDERSON
Not at first, I didn’t. But his personality profile, behaviour, the nature of his expertise -- it all seemed to fit.

Dr Anderson takes a moment to gather his thoughts.

DR ANDERSON
Off the record, and I mean off the record.

John nods.

DR ANDERSON
I do know within the military now, there exists technology which can stimulate specific areas of the mind, from a distance. Microwave signals, guided by satellite.

JOHN
You’re kidding.

DR ANDERSON
No, I’m reliably informed. They target the pineal gland in the base of the brain -- the area responsible for imagination. With this kind of technology, they can project their own sound and images directly into it. The recipient doesn’t know any difference. And it’s proven to be particularly effective during dream states, when the receiver is most susceptible. That’s what my department suspected was really happening here.

JOHN
And that’s what I was battling against? I had no idea.

DR ANDERSON
I’m not saying that is what’s been going on here specifically, you understand? We did have our own electronics expert posted on the base a while back and he failed to pick up any readings. But that doesn’t mean it wasn’t happening. We just don’t know. Look, it’s a sensitive area, but now we have the Lieutenant, my department will find out the truth. Don’t worry about that.

JOHN
It makes you wonder where the world’s heading with all this technology, doesn’t it? The idea of something that dangerous in the wrong hands. (Sigh). It doesn’t bear thinking about.

DR ANDERSON
Now you can see why he went to so much trouble to redirect our attention. The crystal story was just a convenient cover. He jumped straight on it as soon as he realised he was in trouble.

JOHN
Yeah... Crafty.

DR ANDERSON
He was obviously driven by ambition, but once exposed, he did what every good officer should do in those circumstances -- he protected the sensitive information. In an odd way, he was doing his duty. I feel I may have misjudged him slightly. Still, that doesn't excuse him. He was a danger to the military. And that's the bottom line.
(thoughtfully)
Misguided fool.

JOHN
But, I saw the crystal, when I was doing my viewing.
(holds up crystal)
This crystal. I saw it.

DR ANDERSON
Well... as I recall, you weren't that clear about what the Lieutenant was holding. The location wasn't accurate either, not as you described it. In fact, you can't really be certain of anything, can you?
(pause)
The mind is a powerful tool, John. The most powerful tool we have. It's a remarkable machine, constantly gathering information and being imaginative at the same time. In certain conditions, it can be very easy to merge fact and fiction.

JOHN
I suppose you're right. Gotta give the Lieutenant credit though -- he'd make a fine actor.

DR ANDERSON
(Soft chuckle).
(indicating crystal)
You may as well keep that. It looks like you've become rather attached to it.

INT. FORT LAMBERT - MAIN CORRIDOR - DAY

Private Callaghan is MOPPING the floor, facing away from the door to General Cutler’s office down the corridor. A wire leads from beneath his collar to an EARPHONE in one ear. MUTED MUSIC is heard coming from the earphone.

The door to General Cutler’s office is opened from inside by MP GUARD #1. MP GUARD #2, Lieutenant Dawkins -- MINUS MILITARY CAP AND BATON -- then MP Guard #1 ENTER from the office and make their way up the corridor.

Private Callaghan sees Lieutenant Dawkins and quickly drops the earphone down his collar, LEAVING HIS COLLAR TWISTED, then reaches under his jacket near his belt -- THE MUTED MUSIC STOPS. He sharply stands to attention with his back to the wall, looking straight ahead with a fixed salute, holding the mop away to his left, like a rifle on parade.

As the three men pass Private Callaghan, Lieutenant Dawkins returns a brief salute. Lieutenant Dawkins suddenly stops walking and turns back to face Private Callaghan.

LT. DAWKINS
What’s your name, soldier?

PTE. CALLAGHAN
Private Callaghan, Lieutenant.

LT. DAWKINS
How long have you been stationed here, Private Callaghan?

PTE. CALLAGHAN
Three months, Lieutenant. Three months and four days... Lieutenant.

Lieutenant Dawkins straightens Private Callaghan’s collar.

LT. DAWKINS
There’s no greater honour than wearing the uniform of a British soldier. You must remember that at all times.

Lieutenant Dawkins looks Private Callaghan up and down.

MP GUARD #2
Lieutenant, I really must insist.

LT. DAWKINS
The Army is the backbone of the country. Britain’s future is relying on you, Private Callaghan.

Lieutenant Dawkins places his hand upon Private Callaghan’s shoulder, giving it an affirmative grip.

LT. DAWKINS
Well, alright... Alright.

MP GUARD #2
Lieutenant...

Lieutenant Dawkins releases Private Callaghan’s shoulder and the three men continue down the corridor and EXIT.

Private Callaghan looks curiously sideways towards the exit door, and then casually drops his salute.

EXT. FORT LAMBERT - INNER GROUNDS - DAY

THE LEFT WING MIRROR OF AN EXECUTIVE BLACK CAR MECHANICALLY ADJUSTS POSITION OUTWARDS -- ELECTRONIC WHIRR -- UNTIL LIEUTENANT DAWKINS AND THE TWO MP GUARDS ARE VISIBLE IN IT, WALKING TOWARDS THE CAR FROM THE REAR.

INSIDE THE CAR - BACKSEAT

THE SOUND OF THE LEFT DOOR OPENING. Lieutenant Dawkins gets in via the left door (FROM RIGHT SIDE OF SCREEN) and sits in the middle of the backseat. MP Guard #2 gets in next. THE DOOR IS CLOSED (O.S.). MP Guard #1 jogs around the back of the car -- SEEN THROUGH REAR WINDOW.

LT. DAWKINS
(to himself)
He didn’t even offer me a whisky.

MP Guard #1 gets in through the rear right door.

BLACK TINTED WINDOWS MECHANICALLY SLIDE UP OVER THE EXISTING PLAIN WINDOWS. MP Guard #2 places a pair of HANDCUFFS around his right wrist and then around Lieutenant Dawkins’ left wrist.

THE CAR ENGINE STARTS and the car pulls away. Lieutenant Dawkins looks deep in thought.

INT. FORT LAMBERT - MAIN CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Private Callaghan dips the mop into the METAL BUCKET OF WATER. He SLAPS the soaked mop onto the floor and casually proceeds to mop where Lieutenant Dawkins had just been walking. NOTE: GENERAL CUTLER’S OFFICE DOOR IS NOTICEABLE IN THE BACKGROUND.

INT. MEDICAL CENTRE - CORRIDOR - DAY

John is leaning back against the wall by the reinforced door. He's holding the PATIENT CASE FILES to his chest with folded arms and looking deep in contemplation. THE ELECTRONIC WALL PANEL IS LIT RED.

INTERCOM VOICE (V.O.)
Hello?

John straightens up.

JOHN
Ahh... John Redwood. I have some confidential paperwork here for Doctor Anderson.

The electronic wall panel makes ONE HIGH BLEEP SOUND and SWITCHES TO GREEN. THE HEAVY, REINFORCED DOOR AUTO-SLIDES OPEN. John walks through the doorway. THE HEAVY, REINFORCED DOOR AUTO-SLIDES SHUT. THE ELECTRONIC WALL PANEL SWITCHES TO RED.

EXT. MEDICAL CENTRE - DR ANDERSON'S PRACTICE - DAY

On the floor, a BUCKET BIN is full of SHREDDED PAPER. On the desk directly above the bucket bin is a PAPER SHREDDER with LOOSE STRANDS OF SHREDDED PAPER sticking out the end. Next to the shredder is pile of EMPTY CASE FILE FOLDERS. NOTE: THE ROLLER BLIND OVER THE SMALL WINDOW IS DOWN.

A CASE FILE lies on the worktop, clearly marked "LIEUTENANT DAWKINS". Nearby is an empty SMALL PLASTIC COFFEE CUP and Private Smith's DISTINCTIVE MATCHBOOK. Dr Anderson is reclining in a COMFY CHAIR, with his feet up, reading a CASE FILE.

Dr Anderson's hand, holding a CIGAR, reaches towards the plastic cup and tips ash into it, then returns to behind the case file. The case file has "JOHN REDWOOD (D6)" clearly marked on the folder's cover. Dr Anderson BLOWS SMOKE RINGS INTO THE AIR from behind the case file.

There's a KNOCK on the door.

Dr Anderson immediately sits up straight.

DR ANDERSON
One moment, please.

Dr Anderson puts the case file on top of the one with Lieutenant Dawkins' name on the front. He stubs the cigar out in the plastic coffee cup, gets up and disposes of the cup inside a PEDAL BIN.

Dr Anderson waves his arms in circular motions towards the OPEN TOP WINDOW SLAT, to get rid of the smoke. He takes a SMALL MOUTH SPRAY from his pocket, sprays the air a few times, sprays once into his mouth and pockets the spray.

Dr Anderson sits down in his chair and MOTIONS TO SAY SOMETHING towards the door, but stops short. He suddenly turns the two case files over so they're laying face-down. He opens a drawer under the worktop, slides the matchbook into it and closes the drawer.

Dr Anderson picks up a nearby CLIPBOARD, taking out the PEN from under the clip. He folds the top sheet over the clip, leans casually back in his chair and starts writing.

DR ANDERSON
Enter.

John ENTERS the room, carrying the PATIENT CASE FILES.

JOHN
Are you busy?

DR ANDERSON
No, this is a good time. I was just finishing off some routine paperwork.

Dr Anderson quickly signs the paper, emphasises striking a line across the page and flips the top sheet back down.

DR ANDERSON (CONT'D)
What can I do for you?

JOHN
You didn't ask, but I presumed you would want these back.

Dr Anderson casually puts down the clipboard and pen, gets up and approaches John.

DR ANDERSON
(casually)
Oh, yes. It wouldn't be good to leave those lying around, would it?

John passes the patient case files to Dr Anderson.

JOHN
They're covered with my notes, I'm afraid. I had nothing else to write on.

DR ANDERSON
Oh, really? That should make for interesting reading.

Dr Anderson places the patient case files on top of the empty case file folders, on the desk next to the shredder.

JOHN
Are you sure you don't mind if I keep the crystal? Won't you need it as part of your investigation?

DR ANDERSON
I shouldn't think so. I have everything I need. Take it home with you. Consider it a small memento.

JOHN
I'm curious -- how are you going to explain my involvement in all this? We like to keep a low profile at Department Six.

DR ANDERSON
That won't be necessary. As far as I'm concerned, you were never here. It's all in our hands now, John. But, thank you for all the support you've provided us with. It's deeply appreciated.

JOHN
You're welcome. Just doing my job, really.

DR ANDERSON
Well, thank you anyway. Was there anything else?

JOHN
No... No, I think that was it.
(awkward pause)
I, erm... Look, I don't wish to interfere in your investigation... but regardless of what methods you think the Lieutenant may have been using, doesn't what we know about remote viewing indicate that he may have been telling the truth? It's possible. After all, my own experience with RV was quite extraordinary. It certainly opened <u>my</u> eyes about a few things.

DR ANDERSON
(sighing manner)
Aaah, John.

Dr Anderson sits on the stool.

DR ANDERSON
Look, I like you, John. You're a nice guy... genuinely, and I respect you. So, don't get mad.

JOHN
Mad? Why should I be mad? I just want to understand what all this is about. I thought we were dealing with remote viewing, the power of the mind, not electronic machines.

DR ANDERSON
Well... in a way, we were.

JOHN
Forgive me, Doctor Anderson, but you seem reluctant to associate what Lieutenant Dawkins was, or may have been doing, with what we were <u>actually</u> doing during the RV session. I just find that odd.

DR ANDERSON
Mister Redwood... John -- if you want my honest opinion, there's no such thing as ESP. The information was already here,
(taps own forehead)
locked inside your head. It just required a surgeon to extract it.

JOHN
What are you saying?

DR ANDERSON
I'm saying -- I wouldn't rely on your viewing too much, if I were you. What you thought was remote viewing... what you were led to <u>believe</u> was remote viewing was really just a case of simple hypnotism. That's all. Hypnotic suggestion, to help you gather the information together.

JOHN
The picture of Stonehenge?

DR ANDERSON
Oldest trick in the book.

John looks quizzingly at Dr Anderson.

DR ANDERSON
The first time you came into the medical centre. As we were walking down the corridor, on our way to see Private Smith,
(points at small window)
we passed by that window and you caught a glimpse into my practice.

John GLANCES briefly at the small window.

DR ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Just a momentary glance, nothing more. But long enough. There was a photograph placed on my couch. A photograph of Stonehenge.

John looks at the couch (and remains looking at it).

DR ANDERSON (CONT'D)
You wouldn't have register it at the time... at least, you wouldn't have been aware that you had, but you obviously did see it.

Still looking at the couch, John quietly nods to himself, then looks back to Dr Anderson.

DR ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Throw in a few extra pointers during the RV session... Simple really.

Dr Anderson takes a FRESH CIGAR from his top pocket and puts it in his mouth. He takes a LIGHTER from his trouser pocket and proceeds to light the cigar, puffing away to get it lit properly.

John nods in confirmation.

JOHN
You had all this planned from the start, didn't you? You were playing me all along.

DR ANDERSON
(after blowing smoke out)
I was doing my job.

Dr Anderson gets up, picks up his MEDICAL BRIEFCASE. He places it on the worktop and opens the top. He puts the two face-down case files into the briefcase.

JOHN
Your job? I'd like to know more about this job of yours. Just what exactly is your line of work? Who is it you work for? And for once, I'd like to hear the truth from you... the genuine truth, if you don't mind.

Dr Anderson GLANCES back to look at John for a moment, and then returns his gaze to the briefcase and closes it shut.

DR ANDERSON
(after a pause)
I work in the field of PsyOps. I can't tell you who for. That's classified.

JOHN
PsyOps?

DR ANDERSON
PsyOps. Covert Psychological Operations. If you want a more precise definition -- it's manipulating perception... influencing the way people think and steering them towards a particular objective. You could call it psychological warfare.

JOHN
Psychological warfare. That figures. You're very adept at pulling the wool over people's eyes, aren't you? (Exasperated sigh).
(sits on couch)
I honestly don't know what to believe anymore. I feel like I know less now than when I arrived here. Incredible. And all that stuff about electronic particles. You had me convinced.

DR ANDERSON
You’re not the only one. Confidentially, more than twenty million dollars have been ploughed into the RV programs over the years. You’d be amazed at what theories emerge to keep that amount of money flowing.

JOHN
Quite frankly, I find that disgraceful. It’s a mockery of real science. Not to mention defrauding the taxpayers.

DR ANDERSON
Well, that’s the Americans, not us. And as I understand, the money all goes back into funding national defence programs anyway.

JOHN
You don’t get it, do you? I trusted you, Anderson. I thought were working together.

DR ANDERSON
(sympathetically)
We <u>were</u> working together, John. I had to convince you that you had the ability to remote view. So I could tap into your subconscious. You did all the real work.

JOHN
I don’t know. It just feels like I was kept in the dark for the most part. That’s not the way I’m used to working.

DR ANDERSON
(after a pause)
Look, I understand how you feel. But we had a serious breach of security here and the conditions were exceptional. We were forced to work using alternative methods. I couldn’t have done this without your help. Thanks to you, we identified the criminal and we also got his admission of guilt. Mission accomplished, I’d say.

JOHN
Yes, by using me as bait. And making a fool out of me in the process.

DR ANDERSON
It was never like that.

JOHN
I know it wasn't. I'm sorry, I didn't mean that in the way it came out. I understand the complexity of the situation you were faced with. And you're right, you got the renegade Lieutenant and it all worked out well. That's great. But I don't know. Maybe it's just my foolish pride talking, but after the way I've been led around these last few days, I just don't feel like breaking out the champagne.

DR ANDERSON
Aw, c'mon John, it's the nature of the business -- any method that gets a result. And with respect, I don't think you fully appreciate what was at stake here. Fort Lambert may appear to be somewhat antiquated on the surface, but it's still a key defence base, within a wider framework of national defence. Lieutenant Dawkins threatened the security of the entire country. Let's be clear about <u>that</u>!

INT. JOHN'S PRIVATE QUARTERS - DAY

John is in the process of packing -- SHOULDER BAG, FEW BELONGINGS. NOTE: THE DOOR TO THE ROOM IS OPEN.

JOHN
Time to go home, finally.

John lifts up his OVERCOAT -- the CRYSTAL is underneath -- and places it over his bag. He picks up the crystal and goes to put it into the pocket of his overcoat, but stops.

John curiously places the crystal onto his forehead and closes his eyes. NOTE: JOHN IS FACING AWAY FROM THE DOOR.

JOHN
(repetitive chant)
Um bai oh-ah, um gin dah. Um bai oh-ah, um gin dah. Um bai oh-ah, um gin dah. Um bai oh-ah, um gin dah. ...

INT. MILITARY QUARTERS CORRIDORS - CONTINUOUS

TRACKING SHOT: IN A SLOW, STEADY-PACED GLIDING MOTION ALONG A CORRIDOR, ROUND A CORNER AND TOWARDS THE OPEN DOOR OF JOHN’S PRIVATE QUARTERS. WHEN THE VIEW REACHES THE ROOM, JOHN IS SEEN INSIDE, WITH HIS BACK TO THE DOORWAY.

NOTE: SOUND: JOHN’S CHANTING CONTINUES FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE AND IS CONTINUOUS OVER THIS TRACKING SHOT.

INTERCUT:

PRIVATE QUARTERS

John is chanting, facing away from the door.

JOHN
(repetitive chant)
Um bai oh-ah, um gin dah. Um bai oh-ah, um gin d--

There’s a KNOCK on the door. John stops chanting abruptly, takes the crystal away from his head and turns to see Dr Anderson standing just inside the room.

DR ANDERSON
Anything?

John appears mildly, sheepishly embarrassed.

JOHN
No. Nothing.

Dr Anderson gently smiles. John casually places the crystal into the <u>left side</u> pocket of his overcoat.

DR ANDERSON
I’ve just completed my report with the General. So, my assignment here has finished now. I’ve just come to tell you the General wants to see you in his office before you leave.

JOHN
I’m just packing my things up. I’ll head over there in a few minutes.

After a beat, Dr Anderson walks further into the room.

DR ANDERSON
Listen, I’m er... Well, I’m sorry we...

JOHN
That’s alright, Doctor Anderson. It’s been a long weekend for both of us. It’s okay, really.

Dr Anderson gently nods in agreement.

DR ANDERSON
(glancing towards window)
The skies have cleared up now. Looks like the storm we had has passed over. I might just treat myself to a nice fishing trip next weekend, if the weather holds out.

John sits down on his bunk.

JOHN
Odd you should <u>say</u> that. I’ve been thinking along similar lines.

DR ANDERSON
(discreet smile)
Anything particular in mind?

JOHN
No, not really.
(pause)
You know what’s funny? I’ve lived on the coast for nearly a year now, and yet in all that time, I’ve never once been to the beach.

They exchange smiles.

DR ANDERSON
Have a safe journey home, John.

JOHN
Yes, you too, Doctor Anderson.

DR ANDERSON
Please, call me Paul.

JOHN
(after slight pause)
Have a safe journey, Paul.

Dr Anderson heads for the door. John looks thoughtful.

JOHN
He didn’t know about the alien.

Dr Anderson stops in the doorway. A smile breaks across his face.

JOHN
Nobody knew about the alien.

DR ANDERSON
Lieutenant Dawkins was playing with you, John.

JOHN
I think I tapped into something. Somewhere out there in the web of the universe.

Dr Anderson turns to face John.

DR ANDERSON
Oh, come on. Aliens? You’ve spent too long in one department. Honestly, take that walk along the beach, for Christ’s sake, and forget all about this... unicorns and crystal business.

JOHN
No, listen. Whatever was happening to me when I was attacked, I picked up something else... a signal. I... Look, I can’t explain it and I know it sounds ridiculous. But that face was real.

Dr Anderson walks back into the room.

DR ANDERSON
For many years now, you’ve been searching for things which don’t exist. You’re just hungry for confirmation now... something to justify all the hard work you’ve--

JOHN
I’m hungry for truth. That’s all.

DR ANDERSON
Fair enough. But you can't be serious about this?

JOHN
I have a small confession to make. I haven't been strictly honest with you either. I had my suspicions that you were playing me. I wasn't sure, and I didn't know what you were up to, so I played along with it.
(cups hands)
But when I saw the crystal, in the Lieutenant's hands -- and I did see it -- and then when it turned up later in the Lieutenant's room... I knew there had to be something more to this, something that you weren't aware of. You see, you never made any suggestion of a crystal, not for one moment. I think that crystal is real. And I think the alien was real.

DR ANDERSON
Hah! It's in your mind, John. It's all in your mind. And if it didn't come from your own mind, then it came from Dawkins. It's that simple.

JOHN
But it wasn't a dream. It was part of the attack, and the Lieutenant didn't know about it. How do you explain that? I can't explain that.

DR ANDERSON
(slightly taken aback)
He had to know about it. He was responsible.

JOHN
Can you be certain of that?

DR ANDERSON
Sure... sure I can. Over the years, it’s become standard practice to use alien paranoia as a smokescreen. We do it all the time. I’m sure Dawkins would be well aware of that. And given your background, you were practically a sitting duck. The reality is -- the public’s imagination is often the best defence we have. The more confused they are, the easier it is for us to protect our real secrets.

JOHN
Imagination is one thing. But it doesn’t account for the hundreds of UFO sightings around the world, does it? My department alone handles at least... four in any given month. Most of those turn out to be nothing, granted. But if there’s <u>one thing</u> my job has taught me -- we’re not alone in this universe.

DR ANDERSON
I’ve worked in the field for over twenty years now, on a higher level. Take my word for it, John -- if it isn’t a classified military plane, then it’s a meteorite. Trust me on that.

JOHN
No... You’d be surprised if you read some of our reports. Department Six has collected a vast amount of evidence over the years. And I mean credible evidence. You should see some of the photographs we’ve had sent in of various--

DR ANDERSON
Department Six is on a need-to-know basis. It always has been.

JOHN
You seem to know a lot about Department Six.

DR ANDERSON
I should do. It was originally devised by my own department as a PsyOps project, assigned to investigate
(finger quotes)
external threats. This was long before I joined, but we still use it now to pass on disinformation and assess public reaction. So don't get too excited about orange orbs in the sky.

JOHN
(points towards Dr Anderson)
So Director Chambers is--

DR ANDERSON
He doesn't know. And if he showed any signs of suspicion we'd have him replaced. We have him under observation.

JOHN
Are you seriously telling me... that the whole UFO phenomenon is based around military deception?

DR ANDERSON
That's the Art of war. Face the facts, John -- there are no aliens, there are no UFOs, there is no power in the crystal. Lieutenant Dawkins is an electronic weapons expert and he's had you wrapped around his finger.
(solemnly)
We both have. Open your eyes, John.

John looks defeated.

JOHN
Just what have I been doing with my life for the last twelve years? Twelve years! Has everything revolved around nothing more than smokescreen tactics? Huh! What a world. Our own military. You're no different than the politicians!

DR ANDERSON
Well, there's no need for you to get so worked up about it, Redwood. I'm trying to help you out here. You wanted to know the truth, well there you have it.

JOHN
Mind games! All you ever do is play bloody mind games!

INT. GENERAL CUTLER'S OFFICE - DAY

John stares out of the window. NOTE: JOHN'S FACE IS REFLECTED IN THE GLASS. General Cutler is seated behind his desk. He's holding LIEUTENANT DAWKINS' MILITARY CAP and looking at it.

GENERAL CUTLER
Damn traitor, plain and simple.

General Cutler tosses Lieutenant Dawkins' military cap into his "OUT" desk tray.

GENERAL CUTLER (CONT'D)
At least we have the ringleader now. With interrogation, they'll soon break him. And then, we'll round up the rest of his treacherous group.

John turns to face General Cutler.

JOHN
I'm pleased the situation's under control now.

General Cutler picks up his PEN and fiddles with it.

GENERAL CUTLER
Hmm... There's one other possibility that bothers me. I wonder if the group's been working in league with another, <u>foreign</u> power? Probably those damn Russians... Hmm.

JOHN (V.O.)
(thinking)
Poor bastard, I'm surprised he even knows the war ended.

General Cutler stops fiddling and places his pen down.

GENERAL CUTLER
Oh, and Private Smith, one of the casualties you spoke with yesterday -- you'll be pleased to hear, Doctor Anderson had a long chat with him about an hour ago, explained a few things to him, and he seems to be doing reasonably well now.

JOHN
Well, that is good to hear. What did Anderson tell him?

GENERAL CUTLER
That the water supply in his block had been contaminated with a hallucinogen. A practical joke that got out of hand. He assured him whoever was responsible will be caught and dealt with severely.

JOHN
Huh. You think he bought it?

GENERAL CUTLER
It doesn't matter. He's decided the army life isn't for him. He was due for compassionate leave anyway, but I think I should be able to waive the usual procedures in these circumstances and grant a full discharge, on compassionate grounds, with compensation.

JOHN
I suppose it's for the best.

GENERAL CUTLER
Doctor Anderson said you spent some time with him and thought you would want to know.

John nods in confirmation.

GENERAL CUTLER
Well, I have to bid you farewell now, Mister Redwood. Thanks for coming, and er, thank you for all your help. I shall pass on my gratitude to Director Chambers.

JOHN
Yeah... anytime, General. And thank you.

GENERAL CUTLER
I trust we can rely on your discretion, concerning anything you may have seen, or not seen here?

JOHN
Goes without saying, General.

General Cutler presses a DESK BUTTON. There is a simultaneous BUZZER SOUND FROM OUTSIDE THE DOOR.

GUARD #5 ENTERS the office and gives a fixed salute.

GENERAL CUTLER
(to Guard #5)
This gentleman is leaving us. Would you see him to the visitors vehicle depot.

GUARD #5 drops the salute. John picks up his SHOULDER BAG and OVERCOAT.

GENERAL CUTLER
(to John)
Goodbye, Mister Redwood. And er...
(points upwards)
Keep watching the skies.

JOHN
(mildly smirks)
Goodbye, General.

Guard #5 gives a quick salute to General Cutler, ushers John out of the office and closes the door behind them.

General Cutler switches his computer monitor on and THE SCREEN LIGHTS UP ON HIM. He nudges forward in his chair. He looks at the keyboard, with one finger hovering over it.

GENERAL CUTLER
Now then.

EXT. FORT LAMBERT - MAIN GATE - DAY

John is driving slowly towards the main gate. NOTE: JOHN IS NO LONGER WEARING THE VISITOR PASS. He spots Officer Chen walking along the path, in discussion with a REGULAR SOLDIER. John goes to wave, but stops short. Officer Chen walks by without acknowledging him. John briefly ponders on his instinctive reaction.

John drives out through the gates. The FORTIFIED GATES CLOSE behind him.

ROAD FROM MAIN GATE

The route away from Fort Lambert is thick with WIND-BLOWN TREES, and eventually a group of CHERRY BLOSSOM TREES.

INSIDE THE CAR

DR ANDERSON (V.O.) (FLASHBACK)
Listen to your dreams.

OUTSIDE THE CAR

The car passes by the cherry blossom trees. FALLING CHERRY BLOSSOM FLOATS THROUGH THE AIR, DRIFTING ACROSS THE ROAD.

EXT. BEACH - NEAR JOHN’S HOME - SUNSET

WAVES RUSHING INTO THE SHORE.

John’s car is parked up along the beachfront promenade.

John is strolling along the beach, looking out at the ocean. The glowing red sun is beginning to set on the horizon -- a beautiful scene. His hair is blowing in the STRONG BREEZE.

A GROUP OF YOUNG TEENAGERS race passed him across the sand.

John steps onto a rock formation at the water’s edge and looks out at the ocean. His mobile phone RINGS. He takes it out of his right side pocket and presses a button.

CHAMBERS (V.O.)
John? I’ve just received the General’s report -- a job well done. There’ll be a nice bonus for you at the end of the month. Now, listen carefully. A new case has just arrived that I want you to look into. It’s a good one -- orange orbs in the sky.

JOHN
No thanks, Chambers. I quit.

John switches his phone off, puts it back in his right side pocket and continues to gaze at the ocean.

A FLOCK OF BIRDS IN FLIGHT ARE SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE SUN.

JOHN
Maybe Anderson was right -- it <u>was</u> all in the mind.

John takes the CRYSTAL out of his left side pocket, places it into his right hand and studies it.

JOHN
Yeahp. It is a beautiful object though. Huh, a nice memento for all the years I've put in.

John holds the crystal up to the setting sun, <u>with the apex pointing upwards</u>. Both hands are cupped around the shape of the crystal in a triangular form. NOTE: THE WHOLE CRYSTAL FITS NEATLY WITHIN THE SUN'S OUTER CIRCLE. THE SUNLIGHT SHINES THROUGH THE CRYSTAL, MAKING IT GLOW.

DR ANDERSON (V.O.) (FLASHBACK)
Open your eyes, John.

John lowers the crystal and gazes at the setting sun. He delights in the breeze blowing his face and hair, and then looks again at the setting sun.

JOHN
Tomorrow will bring a new dawn.

WIDE SHOT: THE SUN IS LOWER, THE LIGHT IS FADING. JOHN IS SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE HORIZON.

EXT. CGI. SPACE, WITH DARKENED EARTH

SEEN FROM SPACE: THE DARKENED LOWER HEMISPHERE OF THE EARTH. THE RECEDING SUN IS CREATING A DEEP RED AND GLOWING GOLD CORONA AT THE LOWER APEX.

A COLOSSAL BLACK SPACESHP GRADUALLY ENTERS THE SCREEN, HEADING TOWARDS THE EARTH. AS MORE OF THE SPACESHIP COMES INTO VIEW, THE SPACESHIP ECLIPSES THE EARTH MOMENTARILY, BEFORE REDUCING IN SIZE ON ITS APPROACH.

INT. ALIEN SPACESHIP

TRACKING SHOT: THROUGH A LONG CORRIDOR AND INTO A GREAT CHAMBER, BOTH ARE DIMLY LIT. IN THE CENTRE OF THE CHAMBER, A GIGANTIC PYRAMID PRISM MADE OF CLEAR CRYSTAL HANGS SUSPENDED, WITH THE APEX POINTING DOWNWARDS.

Beneath the gigantic crystal, A VAST NUMBER OF HOODED FIGURES ARE GATHERED, SQUATTING ON THEIR HEELS IN FORMATION. The tips of their BLUE, ELONGATED FINGERS are placed against their foreheads. THE GIGANTIC CRYSTAL SUDDENLY PULSATES WITH LIGHT as the figures begin chanting.

FINALLY, THE CENTRAL FIGURE LIFTS ITS HEAD TO REVEAL THE ALIEN FACE THAT JOHN SAW DURING HIS FIRST ATTACK.

FX SOUND: ALIENS CHANTING -- GRADUALLY OVERLAPPING/ ENDING ON ECHO: “UM BAI OH-AH, UM GIN DAH. UM BAI OH-AH, UM GIN DAH. UM BAI OH-AH, UM GIN DAH. UM BAI OH-AH, UM GIN DAH”.

FADE OUT.

THE END

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